POEMS,

1066 fus
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HUMOROUS and SENTIMENTAL,

Written and Selected during a Reſidence of ſome Years in the CITY of WORCESTER.

By I. HAND.

Curs'd be the verſe, howe'er ſo ſmooth it flow,
That tends to make one honeſt man my foe.

POPE.

WORCESTER:
PRINTED for the EDITOR, by J. TYMBS, at the CROSS; and ſold by the BOOKSELLERS of WORCESTER, GLOCESTER, BIRMINGHAM, SHREWSBURY, CHESTER, &c. &c. &c.
MDCCLXXXIX

POEMS,

HUMOROUS and SENTIMENTAL,

Written and Selected during a Residence of three Years

in the CITY of WORCESTER.

By I. HANNAH.

Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent,
Fortes read to make one Man's mighty toe.

WORCESTER:

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MDCCLXXXIX

ADDRESS.

IN a situation too obscure to think of basking in the Sun-shine of Influence, or of forming Connections either powerful or illustrious, it was with diffidence I presumed to submit to public Inspection the feeble efforts of my pen; however, the very numerous and respectable friends who have deigned to partake of my humble repast, (though accustomed to entertainments much more elegant and luxurious,) impress me with the warmest sensations of gratitude and esteem. Should I omit expressing my acknowledgements to those who obligingly assisted me in making out my bill of Fare, I must consider myself wanting in grateful respect, and consequently unworthy of future countenance.

The fulsome adulation, with which too many Dedications abound, I have avoided; and substituted this acknowledgement to my friends; to whose service I shall with pleasure dedicate the future hours of my life, and who may implicitly rely on the truth of my assertion, when I assure them that I shall ever retain the deepest sense of their kindness,

and am,

With the utmost Deference and Esteem,

Their Obliged and Respectful Servant,

I. HAND.

Worcester, August 12, 1789.

PREFACE.

IN compliance with the requeſt of ſome Friends, whoſe kindneſs I never ſhall forget, I have preſented to the public, what a fondneſs for Writing, without an idea of emolument firſt occaſioned.—Deprived of many advantages which thoſe in a leſs humble ſphere than mine poſſeſs; the candid will excuſe any inaccuracies that may appear in productions that were written by piece-meal, (if I may be allowed the expreſſion.)

As Muſic, Painting, Sculpture, and other Polite Sciences, have their admirers, ſo has Poetry; and happy, in my opinion, is the man, who attached to any rational amuſement, can gratify his inclination in a manner adequate to his wiſhes; there are, in various departments of life, men of genius; but, for want of the power of expanſion, ſome remain in obſcurity while they live; ſociety thereby ſuffers, though the individual is perhaps no leſs happy, by remaining in the ſtate allotted him. Men who have a paſſion for writing, whoſe circumſtances enable them to procure eligible aſſiſtance, by having recourſe to libraries, valuable as they are extenſive; who can paſs a few hours daily, in pleaſing retirement, ſurrounded by the works of the moſt eminent literary characters, and, nothing but their favourite object to attract their attention, muſt enjoy a moſt exquiſite treat; theſe are advantages which I cannot boaſt; I ſhall therefore truſt to the lenity of thoſe, whoſe liberality enables them to make allowances, and conclude with this gratifying confidence, that, if I do not pleaſe, I have ſtudiouſly endeavoured to avoid offending; and however inſignificant my abilities may be, I hope I ſha l never have the diſagreeable ſenſations of a nobleman no leſs diſtinguiſhed for his wit than his obſcenity, who, as Biſhop Burnet informs us, exclaimed in his dying moments, with heart-felt compunction, "Oh! that I could eraſe every line which I have written."

I am,

The Public's moſt Reſpectful,

And Obedient Servant,

I. HAND.

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POEMS.

The FRIEND. A Poem.

By I. HAND.

GIVE me, when Fortune's adverſe arrow's thrown,
When Poverty aſſails my humble cot;
Give me, when ſorrows, hitherto unknown,
Approach, and I become a wretch forgot.

Give me, when Slander's venomous attack
Robs me of that which it could never give;
Give me, when Food and Raiment both I lack,
And when, indeed, 'tis miſery to live;

Give me, when in a priſon's walls immur'd
From Liberty and all its ſweets exempt;
Burthen'd with ills which ſcarce can be endur'd
And cruſh'd beneath the preſſure of contempt;

Oh! give me then ſome feeling fellow-kind,
Who would, unimportun'd, my cauſe defend;
Incited only by a lib'ral mind,
With gratitude that man I'll call a friend.

The PROSTITUTE. A Poem.

By I. HAND.

TEN irkſome years, in Proſtitution's chain
Confin'd—of friends and happineſs bereft;
Of Vice the ſlave, of Virtue the diſdain,
An exile from the Aſylum I left.

No tender parent to afford relief,
No fond companion, pity to beſtow,
No ſoft ſenſations to allay my grief,
Spurn'd e'en by him to whom my ills I owe.

Sabrina's * pleaſing banks were once my ſeat,
Contemplating on nature's bounteous ſtore;
A parent's roof prov'd oft a calm retreat;
But all thoſe joys are now, alas! no more.

Under the ſpecious maſk of tender love,
The baſe ſeducer did my heart aſſail;
That heart its ſuitor did not diſapprove;
But yielded to his baſe, inſidious tale.

" Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye truſt,
" Did you but think how ſeldom fools are juſt,
" So many of your ſex wou'd not, in vain,
" Of broken vows and faithleſs men complain——
" Of all the various wretches love has made,
" How few have been by men of ſenſe betray'd!"†

Had theſe thy precepts, *Rowe* † but warm'd my breaſt,
Forlorn, unſoſter'd, wretched, and unknown;
I ne'er had been, by poverty depreſs'd,
Nor diſſipation mark'd me for her own.

Farewell, too rigid parents, now farewell!
On a departing child beſtow a tear;

* The Latin word for Severn—† The Author of the Fair Penitent, from which the Quotation is taken.

A child who long in wretchedneſs did dwell;
Whoſe diſſolution now, thank Heav'n! is near.

The ills I've ſuffer'd, were I to depict;——
No!—No!—Though fatal now your rigour proves;
On you freſh puniſhment I'll not inflict,
Whom, tho' ſevere, their dying outcaſt loves.

RETIREMENT. A POEM.

By I. HAND.

FREE from the buſy tumult of the town,
Its ſmoke, its diſſipation, and its noiſe;
From flattery's fawning, from ambition's frown,
From luxury's train, which only life annoys.

Let me enjoy the comfort of a cot,
(A cot, though humble, can content afford)
By friends ſurrounded, on ſome healthful ſpot,
I envy not the ſplendor of a Lord.

At morn I cheerful, with the Lark ſhould riſe,
Survey the charming Proſpect in the Eaſt;
When Sol expands his radiance thro' the Skies,
And fills with extaſy the grateful breaſt.

Did Man reflect how much to HIM he owes,
From whom alone all bleſſings he derives,
From whom beneficence unbounded flows,
By whoſe Almighty attributes he lives;

Preſumption ne'er his boſom had aſſail'd,
Nor arrogance induc'd him to rebel;
Pride o'er humility had ne'er prevail'd,
Nor we, by fatal diſobedience fell.

Ambition like a circle (Shakſpeare tells)
Upon the water is, with nothing fraught,

A circle which but for a moment ſwells,
" Till by broad-ſpreading it diſperſe to nought" *

So Man, aſſuming Man! attempts to ſoar,
To what th' Almighty never has reveal'd;
And vainly tries thoſe myſteries to explore,
Which Heav'n from mortals choſe ſhoul'd be conceal'd.

The RACE COURSE. A POEM.

By I. HAND,

ON Pitchcroft Ham the motley groupe behold,
Itinerant ſhewmen, gamblers young and old;
'Prentices with their fair aſſociates bleſt,
And ſpruce mechanics deck'd out in their beſt;
Sportſmen, to gen'rous emulation prone,
Who ſerve that country which they call their own;
Owners of racers in ſuſpenſe await,
Eager to know the iſſue of their fate,
(A fate which proves agreeable to ſome,
While ſome, worſe luck, are pennyleſs ſent home)——

The ſmart-dreſs'd landlord, apron clean put on,
Cries out, 'Here, William, Harry, Thomas, John!
'A bottle bring; why, curſe you, don't you hear,
'The gemmen's dry, quick let them have ſome beer'
Bowing politely then—" Sir, would you pleaſe
" To have a bit of ham, of beef, or cheeſe;
" You're kindly welcome; do Sir, pray, make free"
This complaiſance brings bottles two or three.——

Happy the man, who, innately poſſeſt
Of lib'ral thoughts, whoſe honeſt, open breaſt

* " Ambition's like a circle on the water,
" Which never ceaſes to p'er ſpread itſelf,
" Till by broad ſpreading it diſperſe to nought"

Shares freely what he has, without a view,—
Such men there are, but ſuch, alas! too few;
In life's viciſſitude 'tis often found,
A gen'rous penny may obtain a pound.——

Truce to digreſſion, let's purſue our theme,
And turn our eyes to Severn's winding ſtream.——
The flowing Avon, Warwick's greateſt pride,
Can boaſt a boon to other parts deny'd,
As Nature's Darling ſhe alone can claim,
Whoſe works ſecure her own and Avon's fame;
But to *Sabrina's* banks let's turn our eye,
And ſay, can Avon with *Sabrina* vie?
If nature's faireſt works can yield delight,
When beauty, eaſe, and elegance unite,
HENWICK! no ſpot on earth thy proſpect ſhares,
When lovely woman decks thy gay parterres?

The jockies mounted, and the ſignal giv'n,
By whip and ſpur the horſes now are driv'n;
Bets fly about—'the cheſnut horſe,' ſays one;
Done, ſays another; crowns or pounds; done—done'—
The ſport concluded, ſome are homeward ſent,
With pockets lighter much than when they went;
Whilſt Jack and Moll, corroding care to ſoothe,
See the laſt ſhilling melted in a booth;
'Till, with the potent ſtuff become quite tipſey,
Jack reels along, and lugs his little gipſey;
As ſailors tug againſt the vig'rous tide,
And tack and veer the bark from ſide to ſide,
So Jack from ſide to ſide inceſſant reels,
His top-maſt quite too heavy for his heels;
Safe moor'd, at lengh, the pair their anchor caſt,
And friendly ſleep ſecures their eye-lids faſt.

INVOCATION to PITY. A POEM:

Written in the ſevere Weather, 1788, and 1789.

By I. HAND.

PITY! thou Heav'n-born Maid, with ſmile benign,
Diffuſive ſhed thy genial warmth around;
Thy attributes are attributes divine,
In thee Diſtreſs a friend hath ever found.

Fly to the roof of competence and health,
There eloquently plead to cauſe of woe;
Tell them, whilſt comfort they enjoy, and wealth,
The heart-felt pangs of want they never know.

Tell them, whilſt jocund round the feſtive board,
With ev'ry wiſh that mortal can poſſeſs;
Tell them, what's giv'n 'tis not for them to hoard,
'Tis theirs to ſoften and relieve diſtreſs.

Tell them, whilſt near the comfort-giving fire,
With partner bleſt, and prattler on the knee,
The infant's jokes elate the happy Sire,
The Father's Smiles elate the happy She.

Tell them, ſweet maid!—with energy impart
The ills their fellow-creatures now ſuſtain,
With thy attractive pow'r aſſail the heart;——
'Tis thine the cauſe of ſorrow to maintain.

Thou all perſuaſive advocate of grief,
Thou widow's comfort, and thou orphan's friend,
Oppreſſion's foe, Dejections kind relief,
From chilling blaſts the friendleſs wretch defend.

An Attempt at BLANK VERSE.

By L. H A N D.

OF Wor'ſter and its environs, the Muſe,
Delighted with its beauties, grateful ſings.—
Where in fair Albion's iſle can there be found
A ſpot with ſcenes luxuriant more replete?
On either ſide *Vigornia* caſt your eye,
See bounteous Nature liberally diffuſe
Her choiceſt gifts, and chear the face of day—
On pleaſing eminence, or vale beneath,
The tender flocks the verdant herbage nip,
Or in the limpid ſtream their thirſt allay;
Pomona ſee, in elegance array'd
Her variegated bloſſoms now expand,
Under whoſe preſſure the encumber'd branch,
Pleas'd with its burden, in complacence bends;—
Ceres of plenty intimation gives,
And both united, ſuch a proſpect yield
As muſt exhilarate the heart of man—
Let man then, for whoſe purpoſes alone,
Divine munificence created all!
For whom the fertile earth ſends forth her fruits,
And eke the waters deep, their ſcaly fry;
With gratitude contemplate on each boon,
And, whilſt contemplating, HIS GOD ADORE.

ELEGIAC LINES.

To the Memory of a Friend, who was ſent for by her Huſband to Jamaica, and ſhortly after her arrival fell a Sacrifice to the Intemperance of the Climate.

By L. H A N D.

SHE's gone!—the darling of a parent's heart,
Whoſe filial love did gladneſs oft impart;

Conjugal duty conquer'd all alarms,
And ſnatch'd the Daughter from the Mother's Arms—
If love ſincere, you think deſerves a tear,
Beſtow it, ſympathetic Reader, here;——
The Muſe ſhall eke the ſad event deplore,
Lament the fair ſojourner,—now no more,
Whom fondneſs wafted from her native ſhore.
Ill-fated voyage!—O deſtructive clime!
To nip ſo fine a bloſſom in her prime;
Deaf to perſuaſion's voice, ſhe riſk'd her life,
All other ties gave way to that of wife;—
To meet the bridegroom, flew the tender bride,
She ſaw—embrac'd the man ſhe lov'd—and dy'd.

ÆNIGMA.

By I. HAND.

WITHIN this city dwells a Lady fair,
Whoſe favors every rake in town may ſhare,
No garb ſhe wears; but to the naked eye
Her charms preſents which each one may deſcry;
Still is ſhe modeſt; nay, attach'd to fame,
And nothing more reveres than a good name.
If you've a virtue, gladly ſhe'll reveal;
If you've a fault, ſhe'll prudently conceal;—
By all admir'd, and yet by few careſt,
Although innate virtue dwells within her breaſt.—
The lordly ſtateſman ſpurns her at his door,
Although ſhe's friend alike to rich and poor;—
The cunning tradeſman, too, the fair rejects;—
Tho' what he moſt ſhould value, ſhe protects——
Ye Sons of genius, tell me, if you can,
Who's this deſerted advocate of man?——

ANSWER.

Sir, if I don't miſtake the Lady's name.
Candour it is who's ſo attach'd to fame.

An ADDRESS to the TOWN,

Spoken at Worceſter Theatre, by Mr. Durravan, Jun. on the Night of his Father's Benefit.

By. I. HAND.

BY gratitude alone impell'd, I come,
But joyful emanations ſtrike me dumb;
How can I tell? how poſſibly reveal
What paſſes here? * what inwardly I feel
For this freſh inſtance of your kindneſs done,
A tender Father and his infant Son——
As Sol's illumin'd beams ſuſpend the dew,
So do I ſtand, ſuſpended here by you;
Your ſmiles can raiſe me, your applauſe maintain,
Depriv'd of which, to earth I ſink again;
Cold diſeſteem may nip the tender fruit,
Whilſt approbation makes the bloſſom ſhoot——
Carefully nurtur'd by your foſt'ring hand,
Proceſs of time my foliage may expand;
My aged ſire, perhaps, may live to ſee
The plant he rear'd prove a prolific tree; †
Atone for each paternal boon receiv'd,
And bleſs thoſe patrons, by whoſe aid we've liv'd——
When the meridian of his day is o'er,
By age infirm, and he can toil no more;
Filial aſſiſtance then may intervene,
And make the evening of his life ſerene;
Avert the frigid hand of adverſe fate,
And chear the parent in his infant ſtate;
From each impending ill the man defend,
In whom I've found a Father and a Friend——
May each parental boſom preſent know
Thoſe joy's which muſt from filial duty flow,
And may each child endeavour to impart
Inceſſant gladneſs to the parent's heart.

* Points to his boſom.—† This alluſion to advancement has been exemplified, as Mr. Durravan, Jun. is now in a very eligible ſituation at Bath.

An ADDRESS,

Spoken by Miſs Patchett, at the Theatre, Worceſter, on the Night of her Benefit.

By. I. HAND.

WITH tranſport—gratitude—and yet with fear,
Before this dread tribunal I appear.——
The fond companions of my early days *
Here ſit my judges, to condemn or praiſe.
For pity's ſake, each venial fault conceal,
From your decree, reflect, there's no appeal;—
Whate'er you ſay,—however you decide,
I by your ſpecial verdict muſt abide;
Therefore to mercy's ſide, I hope, you'll bend,
And kindly ſpare the Actreſs for the Friend;
As yet a novice in dramatic laws,
Let youth and inexperience plead my cauſe;—
As yet a ſtranger to the ſtage-taught rule,
And poorly vers'd, indeed, in Thalia's ſchool;——
I never to a diſtant coaſt did roam;—
In this my native city, this my home,
Ere I myſelf had known I here have been,
Nor gain'd inſtruction by the varying ſcene;
However impotent my ſtrides to fame,
Yet let acquaintance ſome indulgence claim;
From cenſure's chilling froſt, ye fair protect,
Each imperfection, pardon each defect;—
Be kind to her whom you ſo long have known,
Be kind to her who deems herſelf your own.—
Experience tells us that exotics pleaſe,
Whilſt ſpurn'd are home-rear'd plants and home rear'd trees;
French wines, French faſhions, long have been careſt,
Our arts decay'd; our artiſts, too, diſtreſt;—
Old England, what, alas! muſt be thy doom,
If caprice ſtops the progreſs of thy Loom;
Britannia then, ſunk in affliction deep,
May on her wool-packs gaze, and gazing weep!—

* Miſs Patchett was a native of Worceſter.

But ere intruſion gains too great a ſcope,
Let us exert, and let us fondly hope,
Though ſubtle France unite with haughty Spain,
We yet our wonted Splendor may regain;
No more ſoup-meagre countenance nor frogs,
Nor let poor Shakſpeare die by dancing dogs; *
No more let mummery, ſentiment abuſe,
Nor ſtab the Tragic, or the Comic Muſe;
Our foes inſidious efforts let's defeat,
Fair commerce yet may reaſſume her ſeat;
Warm'd by the radiance of your patriot Sun,
Time may mature what wiſdom hath begun.

An Occaſional ADDRESS,

Spoken by Mr. Whalley, at the Theatre, Worceſter, on the Night of his ſecond Benefit.

By I. HAND.

THE freighted bark, when on the boiſterous main
Attempts its wiſh'd-for harbour to attain,
But adverſe ſtorms too frequently prevail,
And ſtop the progreſs of the ſwelling ſail;
In vain the mariners exert their ſkill,
And labour to avert the impending ill;
Rocks, ſhoals, and quickſands, thoſe deſtructive foes,
Hover around, and down the veſſel goes;
Each individual tries himſelf to ſave,
And 'ſcape the fury of the threatening wave;
Some to the long boat take; whilſt on the maſt,
Others for days ſuſtain the cutting blaſt;
Deſponding of relief, of hope bereft,
Are to the mercy of the billows left;
In this diſtracted ſtate all thoughts give o'er
Of life; nor think to reach the diſtant ſhore;
But Heaven, when leaſt expected often ſends
Joy to diſtreſs, and to the friendleſs friends;

* There were dancing dogs exhibited in Worceſter at that time.

Bids ſtorms ſubſide, diſpels the gloomy ſcene,
And to the eye preſents a ſky ſerene.——
The half-ſpent wretch deſcries a friendly deck,
Whoſe timely efforts ſnatch him from the wreck;
By care his almoſt breathleſs corpſe revive,
And even in death's embraces bid him live.——

The metaphor, I truſt, is plain to view,
The ſhip-wreck'd ſailor I, and you the crew; *
Who to affliction did aſſiſtance give,
Your ſympathiſing boſoms bid *me* live;
May unremitted bleſſings on you fall;
The father, mother, children, thank you all.

A SONG.

Written for the Annuity Society, for the Benefit of Widows, eſtabliſhed at Worceſter.

By I. HAND.

'TIS a maxim which mankind ſhould always obſerve,
And no friend to philanthropy ever will ſwerve,
That of her who our joys and afflictions doth ſhare,
By every fond effort we ought to take care.
Then let prudence direct you the reſt of your lives,
And if Providence calls you, provide for your wives.

'Tis a pleaſing ſenſation, when ſummon'd from hence,
That our trifling ſubſcription may prove a defence
Againſt poverty's ſhafts, and contumely's ſcorn,
Two evils in life that are hard to be borne.
Then let prudence, &c.

Diſtreſſing the ſcene is, when over his urn
The widow and child the fond parent do mourn;

* Mr. Whalley failed in his firſt benefit; and being involved in difficulties, ſome humane gentlemen kindly intereſted themſelves in his favour, and by their generous exertions procured him a ſufficiency to reſcue him from his pecuniary embarraſſments.

But, Oh! how diſtreſſing, ſhe deſtitute left
Of friend, of protector, and comfort bereft.
Then let prudence, &c.

May conjugal motives encourage our plan,
And the huſband and parent unite in the man;
May diſcord this company never diſgrace,
But may friendſhip and concord together keep pace.
Then let prudence, &c.

A SONG.

Written on the ſecond Anniverſary of the Worceſter Annuity Society.

To the Tune of ANACREON, &c.

By I. H. A N D.

TOGETHER aſſembled, from motives moſt pure,
Of women and children the guardians united,
Our widows and orphans from want to ſecure,
By what nobler cauſe can mankind be incited?
When to earth we're conſign'd,
Thoſe whom we leave behind,
May in this inſtitution an aſylum find,
Then may friendſhip and harmony ever combine,
Our efforts to aid and promote our deſign.

The trifle we give can't our fortunes impair;
Nor any man render leſs rich in the end;
Beſides, it is given for her who ſhould ſhare,——
The wife, the companion, aſſiſtant, and friend——
Then let each honeſt man
Do the utmoſt he can
To bring to perfection our laudable plan.
And may friendſhip, &c.

May each anniverſary conſtantly prove,
What advantages from our munificence flow,

And whilſt we're united in brotherly love,
Let's baniſh diſſention, that much-dreaded foe;
May each feſtival day
Our endeavours repay,
And every member go chearful away.
And may friendſhip, &c.

Then fill up your glaſſes, a toaſt let us give,
A toaſt from which none, I dare ſay, will diſſent;
May we *quantum ſufficit* enjoy whilſt we live,
And ne'er know the want of ſweet health or content;
May good humour preſide,
No diſſentions divide,
Nor bickerrings ſet this our purpoſe aſide.
But may friendſhip, &c.

To the Memory of Mr. JOHN BAGLEY Of WORCESTER.

By I. HAND.

PEACE to thy manes, eternal peace thy lot,
Who others merits prais'd, their faults forgot,
Who never wiſh'd Detraction's voice to hear; *
Of Candour, fond, in amity ſincere;
May thy juſt parts thy frailties expiate,
And we who live thy virtues emulate.

* The author has been cenſured by ſome for the above Eulogy;—the author was well acquainted with Mr. Bagley,—he had his frailties; (who is there without them?)—but he alſo had his virtues; and that peculiar virtue, he could not bear to hear a character traduced; if he could excite mirth he was happy; but with animadverſions on the foibles of mankind he was always diſpleaſed.

EXTEMPORE.

On two Actreſſes quarrelling at Worceſter,

By I. HAND.

THE Rival Queens of this our modern Age,
Seem Rivals off, as well as on the Stage;
Rivals in Love too!—at one Goal they aim
(A Love we all poſſeſs) the Love of Fame.
To gratify that paſſion, let me tell
The Ladies how—whilſt lab'ring to excel;
Let emulation be their conſtant guide,
And let deſtructive enmity ſubſide;
From candor's uſeful leſſon ne'er depart,
That is the way to gain the public's heart——
Uſe every effort to improve your ſkill,
The benches and your purſes both you'll fill.
To my advice moſt carefully attend,
Gain *all you can*, but never loſe *one* friend.

EPITAPH

On an old Servant interred in Shrawley Church-Yard.

By I. HAND.

IF heart ſincere, and actions ſtrictly juſt,
Deſerve a tear, beſtow it here you muſt!
From what became a man he never ſwerv'd,
But every maſter to his utmoſt ſerv'd;——
Beneath this ſtone his Mortal part's a Clod,
But where's the Grand, the Immortal part? with God.

A SONG.

TUNE,—"I've lock'd up all my Treasure."

By I. HAND.

WHEN Love's envenom'd arrow against the bosom flies,
In vain that wounded bosom to curb its efforts tries,
Its potent force prevailing, all struggles fruitless prove,
Our Weaker parts assailing, too soon we yield to love.

While bliss awaits those lovers, whose bosoms mutual burn,
What pangs the wretch discovers, whose love meets no return.
Man, basest of deceivers, what artifice conceals
From foolish, fond believers, truth, when too late reveals.

EXTEMPORE.

On seeing a paragraph in the Worcester Journal, of Mr. Macklin's performance in his own Comedy of the Man of the World.

By I. HAND.

INCOMPARABLE man!—at eighty-eight,
To give the world so exquisite a treat;
At eighty-eight an author, actor, see,
Perform his own Sir Pertinax with glee ——
Macklin, when Providence thee hence has ta'en,
"We ne'er shall look upon thy like again."

The following Poem was written on account of a circumſtance which happened in the year 1784.—A Woman at Yarmouth was delivered of an illegitimate child, which ſhe threw into the Sea; the infant was thrice ſent on ſhore by the waves, which the inhuman mother perceiving, ſhe not only pitched him in again, but, by throwing ſtones at the harmleſs babe, effected her horrid purpoſe.

MATERNAL CRUELTY. A POEM.

By I. HAND.

WHAT dreadful ſounds aſſail my ears?
What racking thoughts diſturb my breaſt?
Now to my view my child appears,
Whom I of life have diſpoſſeſt.

What could induce me to deſtroy
My tender babe?—what demon urge?
The waves refus'd my ſmiling boy;
Again I ſent him to the ſurge.

The friendly billow ſtill reſtor'd
The infant to the parent's care,
His looks a mother's aid implor'd,
He ſeemed to liſp, "Oh! Mother ſpare."——

The harmleſs claimant, I deny'd,
The victim I refus'd to ſave;
By my inhuman hand he dy'd,
Though thrice rejected by the wave.

By penitence, from the Moſt High,
Celeſtial Mercy may I find,
And no ſuch wretch on earth as I,
(When I am gone) remain behind.

On Mr. COWARD's being a third time choſen Mayor of Bath.

By I. HAND.

WHILST Gloc'ſter can boaſt an illuſtrious Howard;*
Bath ſeems to be ſtrongly attach'd to a Coward.

Occaſional ADDRESS,

Spoken by Miſs Richards, at the Theatre, in Worceſter, for her Father's Benefit.

By I. HAND.

ONCE more before this audience I appear,
An audience whom I ever ſhall revere;
Whoſe kind indulgence I ſo oft have ſhar'd,
Who've prais'd my efforts, my demerits ſpar'd;——
For favours paſt, ſo much from me is due,
With gratitude I'll ever think on you.——
By prudent hand, and unremitting care,
The gard'ner tries the tender plant to rear,
In hopes, when by the aid of time matur'd,
He'll be repaid for what he has endur'd——
Parents our gard'ners are, and we the plants,
In infancy they gratify our wants;
Nurture us, when we can't ourſelves aſſiſt,
And in each kind ſolicitude perſiſt,
Until the wiſh'd-for Æra we attain,
Their cares to ſooth, and mitigate their pain;
'Tis then by kind exertions we ſhou'd ſhow,
How much to thoſe who gave us birth we owe;
'Tis then we ſhould endeavour to repay,
The obligations of a former day——
My wiſh to ſerve a father and a friend,
(A wiſh which I preſume you'll all commend;)

* Duke of Norfolk choſen Mayor of Glocester.

By duty urg'd, by motives moſt ſincere,
Filial affection hath induc'd me here; *
May each ſurrounding parent ever know
Thoſe joys which muſt from filial duty flow;
May you whom now with pleaſure I addreſs,
Ne'er feel the poignant arrow of diſtreſs;
May you for years enjoy life's tranquil ſcene,
Your morning chearful, and your eve ſerene;
Let me aſſure you, ere I hence depart,
('Tis the aſſurance of a grateful heart;)
Where'er I go, whate'er may be my lot,
Your patronage ſhall never be forgot.

Written under a Likeneſs of EDMUND MASON,

Well known in Worceſter by the appellation of the Knight of the Poker.

By I. HAND.

IN aſpect ſimple, in appearance wild,
Not void of ſenſe, yet harmleſs as a child;—
Happy the man whoſe wife (ſhould he provoke her)
Uſes her tongue as Edmund does his poker.

The Two BROOM-MEN,

WHEN a couple of broom-men had chatted one day,
On a number of things in a ſociable way;
A new ſubject they ſtarted; ſays Jack "my friend Joe,
"I have long been moſt plaguily puzzled to know
"How you manage to ſell your brooms cheaper than mine,
"As I ſteal the *materials*." "I like your deſign,"
Replied Joe; "but *improvement*'s the ſoul of our trade,
"All the brooms I diſpoſe of—I *ſteal ready made*."

* She came from Manchester to perform for her Father's Benefit.

The following Verſes were hung on the boughs of a venerable Walnut Tree, which over-ſhadows the Burial-Ground of the celebrated Poet Waller, in Beaconsfield Church-Yard.

STRANGER, if virtue, or if verſe, be dear,
With pious caution pay thy viſit here
Planted by him, whoſe ſacred duſt has laid
Twice fifty ſummers underneath my ſhade,
Protector of the hallow'd ſpot I ſtand,
To guard this vault from each unhallow'd hand;
Spare then each branch that canopies the tomb,
A part of Waller feeds my verdant-bloom;
Oh! ſpare each leaf that bower's the poet's grave,
For in each leaf a part of him you ſave;
And on the fruits which cluſt'ring round me grow,
A more than vulgar deſtiny below:
Taſte, but with rev'rence kneeling at the ſhrine,
So may'ſt thou eat, and Waller's muſe be thine;
A ſecond *Tree of Knowledge* may I be,
And *unforbidden Wiſdom* ſhine in thee.

SONNET from PETRARCH,

Tranſlated into Engliſh.

" Zefiro torna, e'l bel tempo, ramena, &c."

THE ſpring returns, and all her ſmiling train;
The wanton Zephyrs breathe along the bowers;
The gliſtening dew-drops hang on bending flowers,
And tender green light-ſhadows o'er the plain.

And thou, ſweet *Philomel*, renew'ſt thy ſtrain,
Breathing thy wild notes to the midnight grove;
All nature feels the kindling fire of love,
The vital force of ſpring's returning reign.

But not to me returns the chearful ſpring!
O heart, that know'ſt no period to thy grief,
Nor nature's ſmiles in thee impart relief,
Nor change of mind the varying ſeaſons bring:
She, ſhe is gone! all that e'er pleas'd before!
Adieu, ye birds, ye flowers, ye fields that charm no more!"

In the laſt Stanza, Milton has evidently copyed the ſentiment and the words on his own blindneſs, in the Hymn to Light:

"But not to me returns," &c.

The PARTRIDGES. An ELEGY.

By Mr. PRATT.

Written on the laſt Day of Auguſt.

HARD by yon copſe that ſkirts the flow'ry vale,
As late I walk'd to taſte the evening breeze,
A plaintive murmur mingled in the gale,
And notes of ſorrow echo'd thro' the trees:

Touch'd by the penſive ſound, I nearer drew;
But my rude ſteps increas'd the cauſe of pain;
Soon o'er my head the whirling patridge flew,
Alarm'd, and with her flew an infant train.

But ſhort th' excurſion—for, unus'd to play,
Feebly the unfledg'd wings th' aſſay could make;
The parent, ſhelter'd by the cloſing day,
Lodg'd her lov'd covey in a neighb'ring brake.

Her cradling pinions there ſhe amply ſpread,
And huſh'd th' affrighted family to reſt;
But ſtill the late alarm ſuggeſted dread,
As cloſer to their feath'ry friend they preſt.

She, wretched parent, doom'd to various woe,
Felt all a mother's hope, a mother's fear.

With grief foreſaw the dawn's impending blow,—
And, to avert it, thus preferr'd her pray'r:

'O Thou! who even the ſparrow doſt befriend,
'Whoſe providence protects the harmleſs wren,
'Thou God of birds! theſe innocents defend
'From the vile ſports of unrelenting men.

'For ſoon as dawn ſhall dapple yonder ſkies,
'The ſlaught'ring gunner with the tube of fate,
'While the dire dog the faithleſs ſtubble tries,
'Shall perſecute our tribe with annual hate.

'O may the ſun, unfann'd by cooling gale,
'Parch with unwonted heat th' undewy ground;
'So ſhall the pointer's wonted cunning fail,
'So ſhall the ſportſman leave my babes unfound.

'Then may I fearleſs guide them to the mead,
'Then may I ſee with joy their plumage grow,
'Then may I ſee (fond thought!) their future breed,
'And every tranſport of a parent know.

'But if ſome victim muſt endure the dart,
'And fate marks out that victim from my race,
'Strike, ſtrike the leaden vengeance thro' this heart;
'Spare, ſpare my babes,—and I'll the death embrace.'

SONNET to LAURA.

HOW ſweet to roam abroad, when twylight gray,
O'er the dark fields her duſky mantle throws,
When's ſhut the wood-bine and the wild briar roſe,
At the departure of the ſinking day!

Now, my lov'd Laura, let us penſive ſtray,
And watch the ſilent-footed evening cloſe,
Her dew-dropt train.—But, hark! what wild note flows
At this ſtill hour, from yonder gloomy ſpray?

'Tis the lorn nightingale's enamour'd air,
That darkling eye begins her wilder'd art,
When to to their moſſy-woven beds repair,
The gay plum'd gaudy tribes—here we'll abide,
Here pauſe a-while, and crink with raptur'd ear
The thrilling ſounds—and bid vain cares ſubſide.

SONG.

THE ſilver rain, the pearly dew,
The gales that ſweep along the mead,
The ſoften'd rocks once ſorrow knew,
And marbles have found tears to ſhed;
The ſighing trees in ev'ry grove,
Have pity, if they have not love.

Shall things inanimate be kind,
And every ſoft ſenſation know;
The weeping rain, and ſighing wind,
All, all, but you, ſome mercy ſhow,
Ah, pity, if you ſcorn t' approve,
Have pity, if you have not love.

On READING a LETTER.

WITH trembling hand, ſhe broke the truſty ſeal,
Hoping important ſecrets to reveal;
The well known character ſalutes her eye,
Her tender boſom heaves a gentle ſigh;
Her lovely cheek, with freſh vermillion glows,
A ſmile of approbation ſhe beſtows
On every line, where lively ſtands confeſt,
The ardent love which fills her Damon's breaſt.

The Character of a Young GENTLEMAN.

BLAMELESS his morals, in his conduct nice,
And always ſtudious to be free from vice;
Whene'er reſolv'd, in reſolution ſtrong,
Mature in judgment, tho' in years but young;
Sure in all company applauſe to gain,
Polite, not trifling, chearful, but not vain;—
This ſweet good nature temper'd what he ſpoke,
Made his wit pleaſing, and refin'd the joke;
Adorn'd each grace with ſuch a winning air,
The wiſe he caught, and charm'd the worthy fair;——
Nature ſo bounteous gave him every grace,
His courteous manners with a modeſt face,
O'er which diffus'd the moſt engaging ſmile,
And from his breaſt expell'd all art and guile;
Such ſtrict good meaning through his conduct ran,
That if he err'd, he only err'd like man.

[From Mr. JENNER's TOWN ECLOGUES.]

THRICE happy authors, who, with little ſkill,
In two ſhort weeks can two ſhort volumes fill!
Who take ſome Miſs, of Chriſtian-name inviting,
And plunge her deep in love, and letter-writing;
Perplex her well with jealous parents cares,
Expoſe her virtue to a lover's ſnares;
Give her falſe friends, and perjur'd ſwains by dozens,
With all the epiſodes of aunts and couſins;
Make parents thwart her, and her lover ſcorn her,
And ſome miſhap ſpring up at ev'ry corner;
Make her lament her fate, with *ahs* and *ohs*,
And tell ſome Miſs *Willis* all her woes,
Whilſt now with love and now with grief ſhe rages;
Till, having brought her thro' two hundred pages,
Finding, at length, her father's heart obdurate,
Will make her take the 'Squire, and leave the Curate;
She ſcales the garden wall, or fords a river,
Elopes, gets married, and her friends forgive her.

The Editor is much obliged to the Lady who favour'd him with the following Poem, which has never before appeared in Print.

The Choice of a HUSBAND.

DO you, fair maid, for marriage rites intend,
First hear the counsel of a faithful friend:
No flattery here shall stain one honest line;
Truth is my guide, and shall distinguish'd shine:
Nor blush to learn the precepts I advise,
To make you happy, or to make you wise,
Some may condemn, and some will sure approve;
Or marriage is a farce, devoid of love.
To please your sex is all my soul's delight,
To guard from insults, and from malice right;
Fond to applaud, and earnest to defend;
Your patron, lover, advocate, and friend;
Sworn foe to prostitute, tho' e'er so fair,
A modest woman is my darling care;—
How shou'd such worth be rated in these day's,
How weak esteem'd, how poor all worldly praise;——
But hold, lov'd muse, I see Eliza frown,
And you'll incur the censure of the town,
To chuse a husband is my present theme,
Perhaps you laugh, and my fond lesson blame;
'Tis daring I must own to teach the fair,
For what's so insolent as precepts are;
Yet when the happiness of life depends
On every nymph who for those rites intends;
Methinks some caution shou'd direct their choice,
To strengthen love, and heighten all his joys;
Wedlock's a solemn, and important deed,
For happiness, or misery must succeed;
Great is its end, and sacred the design,
And tho' abus'd, still holy, and divine;
To make it bless'd, is prudently to chuse,
There aim your skill, there point your warmest views;

Your ſex declare 'tis difficult to find
A man who juſtly ſuits a female mind;
That they are ſullen, peeviſh, proud, and dull;
You, ſir, have too much ſenſe, and you a fool,
This a mere dwarf, and that a giant tall;
Like ſhadows theſe, ſo very thin, and ſmall;
Jaffier's a beauty if he was not brown,
And Pollydore has wit, but is a clown;
Demetrius is polite yet too ſevere,
And man's an angel—if he was ſincere;
Ah but, and if, and or muſt cloſe each thought,
And you ye fair compleat without one fault;
Why Sprinia doſt thou frown; why that ſtern air
Is truth offenſive to a lady's ear?
'Tis not ſo hard your worthy men to find,
The difficulty lies within your mind;
Wou'd you a huſband chuſe, purſue this rule,
Avoid a fop, and ſhun with care a fool;——
The former likes too well his pretty ſelf,
The latter is a ſenſeleſs wrangling elf;
This will your rage provoke, and that your ſcorn,
With all your patience neither's to be borne.
The man of ſenſe can never mean you ill;
He may ſometimes oppoſe your mighty will;——
Our ſex is hard to pleaſe I muſt confeſs,
And your's is often found to be no leſs:
When different tempers, different minds oppoſe,
What can a pair expect but laſting woes;
Few men are willing to ſubmit, tho' wrong,
And Ladies never fail to uſe their tongue;
Both will oppoſe, and both are in the right,
A ſtraw, perhaps, miſplac'd, or ſlipt laſt night;
From the moſt trifling trifles, what debate
Has curs'd a couple with a laſting hate;
The prudent will ſubmit, the wiſe relent,
But fools alone are obſtinately bent;
Wou'd you be happy in a married life,
Firſt learn the duties of a virtuous wife;
Be loving, tender, affable, and kind,
And form your temper to your huſband's mind;
Strive to oblige, be fearful to offend,
Prize dear his peace, and chuſe no greater friend.

Scorn the gay rover, and her gayer ways,
A wife's beſt glory is her huſband's praiſe:
When fondneſs courts, and paſſions warmly move,
Let decency endear each ſcene of love.

EPITAPH,

On a Lady, who died of a Conſumption at Briſtol Wells.

By her HUSBAND.

WHOE'ER, like me, with trembling anguiſh brings
His heart's whole treaſure to fair Briſtol's ſprings;
Whoe'er, like me, to ſoothe diſeaſe and pain,
Shall pour thoſe ſalutary ſprings in vain;
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the ſinking eye,
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
And watch in dumb deſpair the ſhort'ning breath;
If chance directs him to his artleſs line,
Let the ſad mourner know his pangs were mine:
Ordain'd to loſe the partner of my breaſt,
Whoſe beauty warmed me, and whoſe virtue bleſs'd,
Fram'd every tie, that binds the ſoul, to prove
Her Duty Friendſhip, and her Friendſhip Love ——
But yet rememb'ring that the parting ſigh
Appoints the juſt to ſlumber, not to die,
The ſtarting tear I check'd, I kiſs'd the rod,
And not to Earth reſign'd her, but to God.

An EPITAPH,

Written by a Gentleman on his Wife.

WHEN ſorrow weeps o'er Virtue's ſacred duſt,
Our tears become us, and our grief is juſt;
Such were the tears he ſhed, who grateful pays
This laſt ſad tribute of his love and praiſe;
Who mourns the beſt of wives and friends combin'd,
Where female ſoftneſs met a manly mind;
Mourns, but not murmers; ſighs, but not deſpairs;
Feels as a man, but as a Chriſtian bears.

On GOOD HUMOUR.

Said to be written at Eaton School, by the late Lord Littleton.

TELL me, ye ſons of Phœbus, what is this
Which all admire, but few, too few poſſeſs?
A virtue 'tis to antient maids unknown,
And prudes who ſpy all faults except their own.
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wiſe,
Tho' knaves abuſe it, and, like fools, deſpiſe.
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis poſſible to tell,
What is the thing in which you moſt excel?
Hard is the queſtion, for in all you pleaſe,
Yet ſure Good Nature is the nobleſt praiſe!
Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him whom all muſt love.
This magic pow'r can make e'en folly pleaſe,
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
And ſweetens ev'ry charm in Celia's face.

ELEGY.——To a Friend.

ONCE, my gay friend, (but ah! the hours are fled)
Serene and calm, my moments roll'd away:
Like thee, in pleaſure's path, 'twas mine to tread,
Dauntleſs of danger, or a ſtormy day.

No jealous doubts—no boding fears I knew,
My heart, tho' tender, felt no flutt'ring pain;
Peace' o'er my boſom, ſhed her balmy dew,
And joy's ſweet nectar, thrill'd in ev'ry vein.

'Till,—(O! that love, ſhou'd be the cauſe of woe)
My ſoul was pierc'd thro' every feeling part:
Delia—I'll charge thee! (whereſoe'er I go,)
With all the wounds, that tear my bleeding heart.

Are theſe the fruits, of pure, unrivall'd love?
What! cold indiff'rence, for the warmeſt flame?
Muſt my poor boſom ev'ry Anguiſh prove,
Deſpair can pour upon my tortur'd frame?

Ah! if 'tis ſo—let nature ſeal my doom,
And the laſt languiſh, bid my ſpirit fly:
Delia, perhaps, may one day ſee my tomb,
And common pity, prompt the paſſing ſigh.

To DELIA.

From the Italian of METASTASIO.

SOON will the fatal hour arrive!
Delia, my Delia! ah, farewel!
Sever'd from thee can I ſurvive,
From thee whom I have lov'd ſo well!
Endleſs and ſharp will be my woes,
No ray of comfort ſhall I ſee;
And yet who knows, alas! who knows
If thou wilt e'er remember me!

While in the eager, fruitleſs chace
Of ſoft tranquility I rove,
Permit my reſtleſs thoughts to trace
The footſteps of my abſent love;
Of Delia, whereſoe'er ſhe goes,
The fond attendant let me be;
And yet who knows, alas! who knows,
If ſhe will e'er remember me!

Along the ſolitary ſhore
I'll wander, penſive and alone;
And wild, re-ecchoing rocks implore
To tell me where my nymph is gone:
From early morn to ev'ning's cloſe,
My tongue ſhall ceaſeleſs call on thee;
And yet who knows, alas! who knows,
If thou wilt e'er remember me!

Oft times ſhall I to meads and bow'rs,
To groves, my former haunts, repair;
Delightful haunts! where all my hours
Were paſs'd in joy, for thou wert there!
Painful remembrance oft ſhall dwell
On ſcenes of pleaſure known with thee;
And yet my Delia, who can tell,
If thou wilt e'er remember me!

Mrs. CLIVE's FAREWELL EPILOGUE.

Written by the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE.

" WITH glory ſatiate, from the buſtling ſtage,
Still in his prime—and much about my age,
Imperial Charles (if Robertſon ſays true)
Retiring, bade the jarring world adieu!
" That I, long honour'd with your partial praiſe,
(A debt my ſwelling heart with tears repays!
—Scarce can I ſpeak—forgive the grateful pauſe)
Reſign the nobleſt triumph, your applauſe!

" Content with humble means, yet proud to own
I owe my pittance to your ſmiles alone,
To private ſhades I bear the glorious prize,
The meed of favour in a nation's eyes;
A nation brave, and ſenſible, and free—
Poor Charles! how little, when compar'd to me!
His mad ambition had diſturb'd the globe,
And ſanguine which he quitted was the robe,
Too bleſt, could he have dar'd to tell mankind,
When pow'r's full goblet he forbore to quaff,
That, conſcious of benevolence of mind,
For thirty years he had but made him laugh.
" Ill was that mind with ſweet retirement pleas'd,
The very cloiſter that he ſought he teaz'd;
And ſick at once, both of himſelf and peace,
Hy dy'd a martyr to unwelcome eaſe.
Here ends the parallel—My generous friends,
My exit no ſuch tragic fate attends:
I will not die—let no vain panic ſeize you—
If I repent—I'll come again and pleaſe you." *

On the Death of Mrs. RUSSEL, late of POWICK.

THE muſe, who firſt her harp triumphant ſtrung,
And Hymen's joys in pleaſing accents ſung;
While all around the jocund fields look'd gay,
And nymphs, and ſwains with dances crown'd the day;
Penſive, muſt now far other theme rehearſe,
In joyleſs mood now frame far other verſe.

* This Epilogue was ſpoke in 1769, from which time Mrs. Clive retired to a ſmall but elegant houſe near Strawberry hill, Twickenham, where ſhe paſſed the remainder of her life in eaſe and independence, reſpected by the world, and beloved by a circle of friends. A ſhort time ſince ſhe was afflicted with a jaundice, but ſeemed after to be quite recovered from the effects of it. During her laſt winter ſhe viſited Mrs. Garrick, in London, and was induced once more to go to the theatre, to ſee the performance of Mrs. Siddons. On being aſked her opinion of this lady's acting, ſhe anſwered very forcibly, though with a ruſticity not unfrequent with her, " that it was all truth and day-light." After a ſhort illneſs Mrs. Clive departed this life, December 6, 1785

Such is the dire viciſſitude of things,
And thus capricious fortune ſhifts her wings;
With chequer'd die deals out our fates below,
Sullies our joys, and ſhuffles in our woe;
Fled is the fair, who late improv'd the ſwains,
Poliſh'd the groves, and civiliz'd the plains,
Who bid chaſte virtue wear an angel's dreſs,
Gave ſmiles to want, and ſolace to diſtreſs;
The poor for her oft ſhed a ſilent tear,
Juſt are their ſorrows, and their ſighs ſincere;
Her gentle mind cou'd cruel natures charm,
Cou'd phrenſy tame, and ſavages diſarm.
Cou'd ſoften all but death's relentleſs rage,
Deaf to her charms, her virtue, and her age;
'Twas in the dark receſſes of a vale,
The hollow winds firſt whiſper'd out the tale;
Awhile the ſhepherds at the news ſtand mute,
Pauſe o'er their lyres, and Pan forgets his flute,
Awhile the loit'ring breezes ceaſe to blow,
Awhile ſuſpended ſtreams no longer flow;
Till with increaſing gales the tydings fly,
And louder murmurs gather in the ſky;
The plaintive echo's all the region fill,
And waft the tragic ſound from hill to hill.
The fields and meadows, once ſo gaily dreſt,
When firſt her ſmiles theſe rural regions bleſt;
Now ſudden wear a ſad, and gloomy ſtain,
Naked the groves, and ruſſet looks the plain.
The ſtreams a melancholy murmur keep,
And o'er their fountains ſilent naiads weep;
The ſnowy ſwans, which on the ſurface play,
And cleave in ſilver tracks their liquid way;
Droop their fair boſoms as they ſail along,
And antedate for her their dying ſong.

ORDERS to my PORTER.

THOU faithful guardian of theſe happy walls,
Whoſe honeſt zeal protects thy maſter's gate,
If any ſtranger at this manſion calls,
I'll tell thee who ſhall enter, who ſhall wait.

If fortune, blindfold dame, ſhou'd chance to knock,
Or proud ambition court me to her arms,
"Shut, ſhut the door, good John," and turn the lock,
And hide thy maſter from their Syren charms.

For in their diſmal train, as black as night,
Come hideous care, and ſullen melancholy,
And ſong, and joy, and laughter take their flight,
Nor leave one precious moment to dear folly.

If at my door a beauteous boy be ſeen,
(His little feet have oft my treſhold trod)
You'll know the offspring of the Cyprian Queen,
His air, without his bow, betrays the God.

His magic ſmiles admiſſion always win,
Tho' oft deceiv'd, I love the dear deluder;
Morn, noon, or night, be ſure to let him in,
For welcome love is never an intruder.

Shou'd ſober wiſdom hither deign to roam,
Nor let her in, nor drive her quite away;
Tell her at preſent, "I am not at home,
"But hope ſhe'll viſit me another day."

AN ELEGY,

To the Memory of a Gentleman, well known in Worcester.

UNWELCOME is the task to tune my lay,
But friendship calls, I must that call obey;
And pay the last kind tribute to a friend,
Howe'er unwilling I the theme attend;
If verse thy hasty doom could have delay'd,
Or back to earth recall thy parted shade;
If sighs or tears thy valued life cou'd save,
Dissolve thy fetters, or unseal thy grave;
What muse that knew thy worth, would silence keep,
What breast refuse to sigh, or eye to weep;
The conquering hand of unrelenting death,
Has struck the fatal blow and stopt thy breath,
Regardless of the tears of weeping friends,
That life God took which he but only lends;
Cou'd friendly acts the dying victim save,
Cou'd honest actions bribe the gloomy grave,
Cou'd friendship pure pervert the awful doom,
He then had liv'd and triumph'd o'er the tomb;
But be the voice of sorrow now suppress,
Consign'd he is to everlasting rest;
Calm as when living may his ashes lay,
Till by his maker call'd on the last day.

On FRIENDSHIP,

Addressed to a FRIEND.

Idem velle, atque idem nollo, ea demum vera Amicitia est,

SALL.

SAY, what is friendship? be it thus defin'd,
The chief perfection of the human mind:
Truth, honour, courage, constancy in one,
The virtuous man's pre-eminence alone;
The selfish mortal is a friend to none.

But just for self the friend disdains to live,
Pleas'd but to please, possessing but to give;
The soul here animates a double frame,
Hence the aversions, and desires the same:
It gives another life, another breath,
For in his friend, the friend survives in death.
The half alive yet struggles with the fates,
Loves, where he lov'd, and where he hated, hates.
To all his duties ready to succeed,
Acts father, brother, guardian in his stead;
For him prepar'd each office to supply,
Lives for his sake for whom he* wish'd to die.
Homer, who human nature better drew
Than either Crantor or Chrysippus knew,
Friendship! thy mighty energy displays,
And immortalizes in immortal lays;
He gives thee pow'r Achilles to control,
And to compliance bend his haughty soul;
When ev'n his tutor Phœnix vainly pray'd
The hero, clad in arms, the Greeks to aid,
Much lov'd Patroclus' corse could rouse him more
Than all the orator's persuasive lore;
Than all Atrides' proffer'd gifts beside,
And his own daughter promis'd for a bride.
His dear companion's manes to appease
(His harp untrung), he quits inglorious ease;
For battle burns, and pants for war's alarms,
And eager buckles on Vulcanian arms;
Fury and rage his breast indignant fill'd,
To kill the killer, or himself be kill'd,
Thus friendship acts,—
Achilles' picture challenge for your own,
My friend; by one the other may be known.
The same warm feelings animate your breast,
By the same generous sentiments possess'd;
Quick you resent my wrongs, prepare relief,
Share my few comforts, and divide much grief.
So to her lute when fair Corinna sings,
And artful tunes to joy th' harmonious strings,

* Would to God I had died for thee. 2 Sam. xviii. 33.

Place but another lute within the ſphere,
And ſympathetic muſic charms your ear;
By the ſame tender touch convey'd around,
From each to each the ſprightly airs reſound;
But if one laments in doleful ſtrains,
The other ſighs, and murmurs, and complains.

ELEGIACS.

Addreſſed to Miſs ---- ----.

Mœrem minui, dolorem nec potui, nec, ſi poſſem, vellem.

CICERO

Alas!
I'm but a multitude of walking griefs:
There is not in the compaſs of the light
One more unhappy. *Maid's Tragedy.*

THOU dear companion in no vulgar woe,
Yet, once again, attend my ſorrowing ſtrains;
Be thine of ſympathy the genial glow,
And thine, yet once again, its pleaſing pains.

Once I was bleſt,—how bleſt let envy tell!
Now I am curſt;—how curſt Matilda knows
Dire doubt, and keen remorſe, and anguiſh fell
My boſom inmates;—peace and love my foes.

From morn to eve no happineſs is mine;
Doom'd, juſtly doom'd, a ſad reverſe to ſee;
Morn finds me proſtrate at affliction's ſhrine,
At eve to her I bend the callous knee.

Alike the heat of noon, the cool of eve,
The ſun meridian, and the ſhade ſerene:
To me, ſince miſery muſt for ever cleave,
I ſhun the ſplendid, ſeek the ſombre ſcene.

Lonely I wander through the moonlight glade,
And liſten to the ſtreamlet's lulling flow;
Then, from the ruſh of ſome abrupt caſcade,
Retire to reſt with ſolemn ſtep and ſlow.

Yet, if perchance ſweet Philomel be near;
If ſhe, wild warbler, pours her plaintive ſong;
The dulcet notes will win upon my ear,
And to the morning's dawn my ſtay prolong.

Now liſtleſs o'er the lawn I rueful rove,
Or ſadly ſaunter by the ſighing ſtream;
Now, thro' the mazes of the gloomy grove
Of Bliſs, indulge the dear deluſive dream.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the dear deluſions die,
And ſoon, too ſoon, all hope of bliſs expires:
The widow'd boſom heaves the frequent ſigh,
And the dim eye forgets its former fires.

Is there in all the family of woe,
In all the dreary manſions of deſpair,
A wretch more wretched, more ſupinely ſlow,
To put a period to the pangs of care?

Thrice welcome, ſtranger, to the icy hand,
Again, thrice welcome thy approach will be;
Near yet n[illegible]ke thy ſilent ſtand,
A[illegible]oh, [illegible]peed thy dart at me!

MATRIMONIAL DEAFNESS.

TWO ears at a time are too much for uſe,
As they're only the inlets of ſtrife;
And ſome may be found, who (tho' wiſe) would refuſe,
To poſſeſs theſe fair organs of life.

This deafneſs oft times of advantage is found,
Misfortunes may turn to a bleſſing;

When nonſenſe diſtracts, or when tumults abound,
They then loſe their force of diſtreſſing.

I wiſely am taught to be deaf with one ear,
While the other for uſe I employ;
One gate I ſhut up againſt trouble and care,
And the other keep open for joy.

When my conſort begins her windpipe to clear,
With peals that would rend worlds aſunder;
Serenely I ſit and cock up my deaf ear,
Unmov'd 'midſt the roar of her thunder.

T'other day comes a dun, with "Sir, you well know"
"What ſay you?—ſpeak louder a little;"
"You know Sir, you borrow'd full twelve months ago"
"Alas friend! I can't hear a tittle."

"You owe me ten pounds,"—much louder he cries,
And repeats it as ſtrong as he can;
Then I point to my ears, and ſtare with my eyes,
Till he ſcarcely believes me the man.

I, brave as a don, cry "My hearing's quite loſt;"
"And my money," ſays he, "too I fear;"
"Pox on him! 'tis folly to talk to a poſt;"
So he leaves me as mad as an hare.

Thus my life, night and day, in ſoft [illegible]
Scolding, dunning, nor brawling [illegible]
Ye married men all then, that wiſh for [illegible]
Mind, and always be deaf with one [illegible]

The FIRST of SEPTEMBER.—An ELEGY.

Humbly inſcribed to the LONDON SPORTSMEN.

THE ſun was juſt riſen, and the ſtreets were all clear,
When I haſtily leap'd from my bed;
I dreſs'd me, and ſhoulder'd my gun without fear,
And to Highbury fields, Sir, I ſped.

Of a covey of partridges I had been told,
And the ſpot I had mark'd with my eye;
I determin'd to ſhoot them to ſhew I was bold,
And to ſhoot them before they could fly.

Sans winking or blinking I ſhoulder'd my piece,
And was going to let fly very ſoon,
When the covey all roſe, and with ſuch a d—d whiz,
That I nearly fell into a ſwoon.

Up ſtarted my hair, and *down* dropp'd my gun,
And quite motionleſs was my whole frame,
I trembl'd, perſpir'd, and cried out, is this fun?
I deſire no more of the ſame.

I wiſh I was once back again in *Budge-row*,
And to *Budge-row* I quickly will budge;
I pick'd up my piece and determin'd to go,
[illegible] right weary I back again trudge.

Returning I made Bagnigge Wells in my way,
When the rolls were all ſmoaking and hot;
I ſaid, I'll not ſtop—but my ſtomach ſaid *no*,
Nothing better *nor* this can be got.

Having finiſh'd my tea, for a doctor I call'd,
And they brought me *new* milk and *old* rum;
And finding my appetite not the leaſt pall'd,
I deſired the ham too might come.

I eat, and I drank, and I fell faſt aſleep,
And I doz'd till the clock had ſtruck four;
Then went to the *Peacock*, drank five bottles deep,
And a ſhooting I ne'er will go more.

Ye merchants, and ſhopkeepers, ſhopmen and all,
Who think partridge of birds is the beſt;
Be ye young, be ye old, be ye ſhort, be ye tall,
Oh! ſtay till the partridge is dreſt!

There are *ſhooters* enough, ſo ſtick to your books,
And of birds you'll have many a brace;
Inſtead of good *guns*, take care you've good *Cooks*,
And dine not till you have ſaid grace.

Let men who delight in the dirt and the rain,
In ditches walk up to their knees;
If the birds are tranſmitted to you when they're ſlain,
You may eat very much at your eaſe.

When with crumbs, or bread ſauce, on your tables they ſmoke,
Tuck your napkin tight under your chin;
Then, tho' ſportmen may ſneer, and a *good ſhot* may joke,
Eat on, and let them laugh that win.

STANZAS,

Written on hearing one of two Siſters (an amiable widow, and a croſs old maid) ſay—That ſhe wiſhed a generous but diſtreſſed brother in priſon, as the beſt place for him; as ſhe expreſſed it.

FAIR ſiſters twain, to whom God hath given
A different mind as different face,
Exiſt; the *one* may hope for heaven,
The *other* find a lower place.

Sarcaſtick Miſs! ſo full of gall,
Who wiſh to ſee your brother dwell
Within a priſon's dreadful wall,
You'll lead, no doubt, grim apes in hell.

EPIGRAM,

On a deceaſed WIFE.

BEHOLD my wife in death's embraces here is laid.
Was ever man ſo pleas'd to be a cuckold made?

The following little Effuſion of tender Sentiment and elegant Poetry, is ſaid to have been written by the celebrated PETER PINDAR, *Eſq; during his reſidence at Jamaica, before his Muſe was ambitious of directing her Satire againſt Kings and Courts:—*

OH! balmy ſleep! beneath thy wing,
When buſy care no longer toils,
Where hopeleſs love forgets his ſting,
And wan deſpair in viſions ſmiles;

Soft let me lay my penſive head,
My languid eye in ſilence cloſe,
And, bleſt beneath its friendly ſhade,
Steal from the world and from my woes.

Tir'd with the lengthen'd day, I view
With ſecret joy the minutes paſt,
And, glad to bid the world adieu,
The coming moment with the laſt.

But, to my arms the nymph divine
Would ſleep in nightly viſions give,
Pleas'd, e'en in dreams, to think her mine,
For ages would I wiſh to live.

LINES,

During a late ELECTION,

LET *Tartar*, *Emetic*, let *Cives* and *Clinker*,
From ſcribbling deſiſt—let each cobler and tinker
Confine himſelf more to his own avocation,
Not labour to heel-tap or ſolder the nation;——
Ev'ry man has a right his opinion to harbour,
But why ſhould a taylor, a cobler, or barber,
Thro' warmth do himſelf or his children an evil,
Whilſt the printer he profits, and the printer's devil,
'Tis they reap the ſpoil;—('pon my ſoul I forgot)——
The lawyer we ſurely muſt lump in the lot——
Each limb of the law then, each printer and devil,
To every party, I think ſhould be civil,
Keep their minds, coaleſce; one cauſe brings another,
Write, publiſh, get paid, ſhake hands brother and brother.

DIALOGUE in an HERMITAGE.

STRANGER,

WHAT is empire, what is glory,
What is beauty, wealth, or fame?
Hermit.—Theſe will ſoon decay before ye,
But true virtue's ſtill the ſame.

Stranger.—What is then our choiceſt bleſſing,
Tell me, venerable ſage!
Hermit.—Life hath nothing worth careſſing,
Save, with faith, the ſacred page.

Stranger.—Flee then far, ye pageant honours!
Spring not from the head divine!
I hate the ſource, deſpiſe your honours—
Hermit! henceforth I'll be thine.

The ROSE.

THE roſe had been waſh'd, juſt waſh'd by a ſhower,
That Mary to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moiſture encumber'd the flower,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it ſeem'd to my fanciful view;
To weep for the bud it had left with regret
On the flouriſhing buſh where it grew.

I haſtily ſeiz'd it, unfit as it was,
For a noſegay ſo dripping and drown'd,
And ſwinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I ſnapp'd it—it fell to the ground.

And ſuch, I exclaim'd, is the pityleſs part,
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardleſs of wringing or breaking a heart,
Already to ſorrow reſign'd.

This elegant roſe, had I ſhaken it leſs,
Might have bloom'd with the owner awhile;
And the tear that is wip'd with a little addreſs,
May be follow'd, perhaps, with a ſmile.

A THOUGHT.

On the Attention of a Blind Perſon at the Charitable Concert, in Wrexham.

SIGHT—the viſual chearer of the ſoul,
The monitor that guides the watchful thought,
Whoſe worth tranſcends the pageantry of ſtate,
Whoſe fine ſenſation at a touch will weep;
When the long eyeleſs or the pearly blind,

Know but the liſt'ning or the mental guide
To guard them thro' the darkling vale of life,
Impreſs their minds and feed the latent wiſh,
Thoſe ſhould exult who view inſtructive ſcenes
Where order governs, and where beauty reigns.

An EVENING PROSPECT.

SCARCE onward ſteals the loitering ſtream,
And eve o'er all her mantle throws,
Dim the retiring landſcapes ſeem,
The hamlet ſleeps, the flowerets cloſe.

So fares the mind where fancy's hues
Paint every young idea bright,
When grief uſurps its fairy views,
And wears the ſadden'd brow of night.

Why heaves ambition's reſtleſs ſigh,
Eſcap'd from life's tumultuous round?
As how more bleſt thoſe haunts who fly,
Ye who the village path have found.

Where nature's ſimple genius reigns,
Free from the golden hands of art,
And with an honeſt pride diſdains
In faſhion's maſk to veil the heart.

Whoſe gaudy ſons might truth diſcern,
Though ſophiſtry the taſk deſpiſe,
Here, of the rural ſage, might learn
To grow ſtill purer as more wiſe.

LINES,

On the Death of a Lady who died in Childbed.

By I. HAND.

GO, hapleſs infants,—on a mother's urn
Gaze, and the loſs of ſuch a mother mourn,
From you kind heav'n hath recently remov'd
One whoſe deportment prov'd ſhe fondly lov'd
Her children, and the parner of her life;——
To you a parent, and to him a wife;
Whilſt you exiſt, her memory revere,
And prove your fondneſs by a filial tear.

The following Epitaph was written by the late Biſhop Lowth, to the Memory of a Daughter.

EPITAPH,

In the Church of Cuddeſdon, Oxfordſhire.

CARA, vale, ingenio præſtans, pietate, pudore,
Et Pluſquam natæ nomine cara, vale!
Cara Maria, vale!—at veniat felicius ævum,
Quando iterum tecum, ſim modo dignus, ero.
" Cara redi,"—læta tum dicam voce, " paternos
" Eja age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi!"

TRANSLATION.

By J. DUNCOMB, M. A.

Dearer than daughter, parallell'd by few,
In genius, goodneſs, modeſty.—Adieu;
Adieu, Maria—till that day more bleſt,
When,—if deſerving,—I with thee ſhall reſt!
" Come, then," thy Sire will cry, in joyful ſtrain,
" O come to my paternal arms again!"

The following Epitaph, for his own Tomb, was written a few days before his deceaſe, by the late Judge Nares.

IN hopes of future bliſs content I lie,
Tho' pleas'd to live, yet not diſpleas'd to die,
Life has its comforts, and its ſorrows too,
For both, to all-wiſe heaven our thanks are due;
Elſe thoughtleſs man would fix his place of reſt,
Where nature tells him he can ne'er be bleſt.
How far my hopes are vain, or founded well,
God only knows, but the laſt day will tell.

On the upright ſtone in the N. E. part of the Cemetry of CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

THIS STONE
was
erected by her fellow-citizens
to the memory
of
ELIZABETH ATKINSON,
an induſtrious woman.
She died
January the 1ſt, 1786,
aged 77 years.

Periwinks, Periwinkle,
Was ever her cry;
She labour'd to live,
Poor and honeſt to die.

At the laſt day again
How her old eyes will twinkle;
For no more will ſhe cry,
Periwinks, Periwinkle!

Ye rich, to virtuous Want recoicing give;
Ye poor, by her example learn to live.

LINES,

Written extempore in the beautiful Environs of a Gentleman's Seat in Worceſterſhire, to whoſe creative hand and refined taſte they owe their whole beauty.

Incipe, Kyarios, mecum, mea Tibia, verſus.
Locus, in Agris Vigorniæ, Muſis, atque
Sylvarum, fluviorumque Nimphis, SACER.

VIRG.

YE ſylvan Deities, and Naiads wild!
Who love, with freedom unreſtrain'd, to ſport,
Or, in the deep embower'd receſs, or lave
Your wanton limbs in theſe redundant ſtreams,
Join grateful in the choral praiſe, to Him,
Whoſe hand hath led the ſcanty rills to flow
In lakes refulgent, or with force to ruſh
In murmuring deviations o'er the rock,
And catch at intervals the wandering eye:
And who, with taſte peculiar, hath rais'd
The ſeedling branches o'er the naked brow,
And mix'd their tints in well contraſted ſhades.
No attic columns rear the ſtately dome,
No fans ſtupendous load this rural ſcene——
Here nature reigns—free, ſimple, unconfin'd,
In ſtole pellucid floating with the breeze.
Here, as thou oft turn'ſt o'er the antient page,
Thou'lt find thy own Hyſſus' claſſic ſtream,
And Academus' venerable ſhade.
Be ſacred this, to friends and wedded love,
To manly ſenſe, to fortitude and worth,
To female excellence—to female charms!
Charms which the breath of envy cannot blaſt,
But yields the palm, and owns the whole compleat.
But haply, ſhould impatient lovers ſtray,
Caught by the diſtant murmur of the fount,
Shield them, kind foliage! from the buſy tongue
Of prying ſcandal, and the eye prophane.
Long be it your's, bleſt pair! at morn's fair bluſh,
And meek ey'd eve, to woo the gentle maid!
Long flow your years unſullied and ſerene.

SONNET,

Found near the mutilated Effigy of Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, in Tintera Abbey, on the 15th inſt. written with a pencil; ſuppoſed to have been dropt by a Gentleman.

YE ſacred relicks of inſuriate ſpoil!
To penſive thought and contemplation dear;
The ſympathetic heart, that hovers near,
In ſoothing ſilence meditates awhile.

Vain fragment of the chief! whoſe dauntleſs ſpear
Claim'd e'en from envy's breaſt th' unwilling praiſe;
Doſt thou inert, with conſcious pride appear,
That o'er thy brow, their arch the columns raiſe?

The ſighing winds to mem'ry's page retrace
The ſhrouded hero of the moſs grown iſle;
While murm'ring through the venerable pile,
Which mantling ivy claſps in her embrace:
Ah! what avails the warrior's boaſted fire,
Which kindles as the flame—but to expire!

Monmouthſhire, June 25, 1789.

EPIGRAM.

WITH folded arms and liſted eyes,
" Have mercy heaven (the parſon cries)
" Upon our thirſty ſun-burnt plains;
" Thy bleſſings ſend in genial rains."
The ſermon ended and the prayers,
When, with a viſage dreſt in ſmiles,
" It *rains*, thank heaven!" cries *Farmer Giles*;
" Rains!" quoth the parſon, " ſure you joke;
" *Rains! heaven forbid—I ha'n't a cloak!*"

The KISS. A POEM.

By the Rev. L. Booker, of Old Swinford, Worceſterſhire.

BALMY pledge of love ſincere,
Sweeter than the dew-bent roſe,
Rapture unalloy'd by care;
Whence perennial pleaſure flows.

Sweeter than the morning breeze
Wafted o'er the op'ning flower;
Than the bloom of hawthorn trees,
After May's pellucid ſhower.

Thoſe, my fair, like tranſient youth,
Boaſt their ſpring and diſappear;
But thy lips, preſerv'd by truth,
Breathe their ſweetneſs all the year.

EPITAPH.

*On Richard Jones, Eſq; the ſubject of that excellent Old Ballad, "*HAPPY DICK.*"*

THE feaſt is ended, and the reckoning paid,
And underneath once "HAPPY DICK" is laid;
Doom'd there to keep an everlaſting faſt,
Who reigned on earth ſole arbiter of taſte:
All that was dainty ſmoak'd upon his board;
Friends he regal'd, and treated like a lord:
But when he found his life grew near the dunk,
He left the world, and hid himſelf in USK.*
If 'chance the reader aſk the reaſon why—
'Twas to *forget to eat*, and *learn to die!*

* In Monmouthſhire.

EPITAPH,

On a STOCK JOBBER.

WHILE I had breath, transferring was my trade;
Now worms accept the transfer death has made.
What future transfers may be made to me,
Depends alone on fate's unknown decree.
Happy indeed, if on the ſhutting day,
My ledgers do a balance fair diſplay;
That balance fair will cruſh each anxious thought,
When my long—long annuity is bought.

Under a Cenotaph of elegant Sculpture, by Harris, repreſenting a Shipwreck, in Bas Relief, and erected in memory of the amiable and accompliſh'd Siſters, Anne and Mary Paul; and Maſter Templer, who periſhed in the Halſewell Indiaman; the following are inſcribed by a friend:

STERN miniſters of death, ye winds, ye waves!
Who in your wild and pityleſs career,
Deaf to the cries of youth, of innocence,
With head-long rage theſe tender victims hurl'd
On the rude rocks! could no leſs ſacrifice;
Appeaſe the king of terrors?—Oh forbear—
'Tis impious to repine—So heaven ordain'd!
Whoſe ſovereign word the liſtening ſtorms obey;
'Tis man's with meek ſubmiſſion to receive
Affliction's bitter cup: So heaven ordain'd.
Father of all! we bow to thy decrees,
Severe, yet merciful,—thy will be done.

Occaſional PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Miſs Wood on the Night of her Father's Benefit.

By I. HAND,

AS yet a nocice in dramatic laws,
Let youth and inexperience urge my cauſe,
No greater boon I aſk than your applauſe.
Filial attachment here, I hope, will plead,
And for each imperfection intercede;——
My duty to thoſe friends I hold moſt dear,
(The authors of my birth) hath ſent me here;
The parent from the child muſt claim ſupport,
Whether in cottage humble, or at court——
At court!—that word to recollection brings
The dire affliction of the beſt of Kings; *
Robb'd of thoſe joys which they ſo long poſſeſt,
The father, mother, children, all diſtreſt,
Muſt pity raiſe in every feeling breaſt;
Behold, where oft domeſtic bliſs was known,
And ſweet content ſmil'd on Britannia's throne:
Pale ſickneſs now in horrid garb appears,
And from the Royal boſoms comfort tears——
Whilſt we the ſad misfortune here deplore,
Let's hope that Providence will ſoon reſtore,
Our much-lov'd Monarch to health's wiſh'd-for ſhore.

(A perſon enters and delivers her a Letter.)

What's this, a letter! O, here's ſomething new,
A letter 'tis, and juſt received from Kew!
Well, let's examine—what ſays this ſaid letter?—*(opens and reads.)*
" His Majeſty (thank Heav'n) each day gets better;
" Strong marks of convaleſcence now appear,
" And foul deſpendency is baniſh'd here!"

* The Prologue was written during the King's indiſpoſition and delivered a day or two after the happy ſymptoms of recovery were announced.

There's news from Kew!—there's tidings to impart!
Tidings which muſt cauſe ev'ry Briton's heart
With rapture inexpreſſible to burn,
At this auſpicious, this much-wiſh'd return
Of health to him on whom our hopes depend,
A nation's father, and a nation's friend;
May heav'n's high hand preſerve the Royal Pair,
A faithful people's ardent love to ſhare,
Is mine, and muſt be each true ſubject's pray'r;
And may theſe patrons whom I now addreſs,
Be ever ſtrangers to that keen diſtreſs
Which Britain's brighteſt diadem aſſail'd,
And long, too long, o'er happineſs prevail'd;
Conſtantly may they welcome news receive,
And taſte thoſe joys tranquillity can give,
Shall be my wiſh moſt fervent whilſt I live.

To the KING An ODE.

Written on their Majeſties viſit to Worceſter, at the Muſic Meeting, in 1788.

HAIL Sovereign of thy people's hearts!
Thrice welcome to our holy feaſt:
Thy gracious ſmile new rapturous joy imparts,
And gives to harmony a richer taſte.
With GEORGE and CHARLOTTE's names we grace our ſong,
To GEORGE and CHARLOTTE, good and great,
Our grateful ſtrains belong.

Wide ope the ſkies—in yonder beaming light,
I ſee a band of ſeraphs bright,
With golden harps—prepar'd to ſound——
They wait the earthly ſtrain ere they join,
With mortal airs, their ſweet celeſtial ſtrain.
Ye ſons of men, full ſurely know
From heaven thoſe harmonies muſt flow,
Which lift our thoughts on high—our human ſenſe refine—
And wrap the ſoul in extacies divine.

O CHARITY, deſcending from the ſky!
I mark thy glowing cheek, and gliſtening eye,
Gliſtening with tears of joy——thou comeſt to eſpy
Our holy orgies——ſuch is heaven's beheſt,
And breathe thy fervent ſpirit in every virtuous breaſt:
Well pleas'd, thou knoweſt the ROYAL FRIENDS are here,
Who love to ſoothe the orphan's woe, and wipe the widow's tear.

Hark! I hear new choral ſtrains ariſe,
'Tis gratitude—that brings a pleaſing ſacrifice,
Widows and orphans ſwell the peal of joy,
Triumphant raptures all their ſouls employ.
Come, all ye friends of this auſpicious day,
Join your ſong,
The ſtrain prolong,
Your gratulations pay.

God of our joy, protect the Royal Race,
Reward their virtues with celeſtial peace,
And hear, O hear us, whilſt we raiſe
With fervent Zeal our holy vows to thee
Father of heaven, prime ſource of Majeſty!
And thankful for thy gift, reſound our SOVEREIGN's *praiſe.*

WRITTEN AT

THE RETREAT,

Beautifully-improved Grounds near Stow on the Would, Gloceſterſhire.

Flamina amem ſilvaſque inglorius. VIRG.

" Let me, inglorious, rural pleaſure love,
" The chryſtal fountain, and the choral grove.

HERE nature, erſt ſo careleſs of her mien,
Now decks with beauteous tints the ſteril ſcene;
Views on her banks the ſcarce exotic grow,
And od'rous ſhrubs adorn the dells below;

Unruffled ſtreams in eaſy windings ſtray,
Or, broke on rocks, lament their rude delay.
Could antient Camden's learned ſpirit riſe,
How would this ſcene amaze his long-clos'd eyes.
" Whence are theſe hills, once ſhagg'd with horrid thorn,
" How richly dreſs'd with deeply-bending corn?
" Sicilian Pan ſure leaves his fertile coaſt,
" To tend on flocks, that Tempe's fields might boaſt;
" And green-hair'd nymphs allure each ſcanty rill,
" To ſtand collected on the ſidelong hill.
" Ways, that of old the trembling horſes trod,
" And trav'llers, fearful of their danger, rode,
" Clear'd of the rocks, in levell'd ſmoothneſs lie,
" And, Middleſex! with thine preſume to vie.
" Some genius mild hath wav'd his magic wand,
" Theſe groves uprear'd, and fertiliz'd the land."
No Pan Sicilian guards this fir-clad hill,
No nymphs Theſſalian guide the ſilver rill,
Theſe owe their beauties to Ergaſto's care,
Whoſe chaſte improvements make theſe cotefwolds fair.
No coſtly domes on pompous columns riſe,
To catch afar the taſteleſs trav'ller's eyes;
In greateſt beauty modeſt nature's ſhewn,
With ſimple veſtment o'er her boſom thrown.
Ergaſto—whom with truth mankind careſs;
For *Them His* candour, love, and friendſhip bleſs;
In *Him* all virtue's choiceſt gifts combine——
Friend, father, huſband, magiſtrate, divine!
Were *here* Alcides' ſon to fix his choice,
Quite unperplex'd by each contending voice,
The hero both his wiſhes would obtain——
For *pleaſure*'s path conducts to *virtue*'s fane.
Pleas'd with the change, the venerable ſage
Tore, with atoning hand, th' hiſtoric page.

To a SHEET of PAPER.

FAIR ſpotleſs leaf (thou emblem pure
Of innocence) beware;
Nor think thy beauty lives ſecure,
'Tis dangerous to be fair.

To wit obſcene, and impious jeſt,
Thou lieſt too much expoſed:
Give truth poſſeſſion of thy breaſt,
Or be for ever cloſed.

Some wanton pen may ſcrawl thee o'er,
And blot thy virgin face;
And whiteneſs, deem'd thy praiſe before,
May turn to thy diſgrace.

O give me then thy faultleſs page,
Ere yet foul ſtain be drank,
On virtue's ſide with me engage,
Nor leave for vice a blank.

By thee ſhall idle vacant hearts
This uſeful moral learn,
That unemploy'd, the brighteſt parts
To vice and folly turn.

By thee ſhall innocence be taught
What dangers wait on youth,
Unleſs with early precept fraught,
And prepoſſeſs'd with truth.

By thee ſhall beauty learn to yield
To real worth her charms,
For virtue (though an ample ſhield)
But incompletely arms.

LINES,

On the Death of the much-lamented Enſign Surman, of the 9th Regiment of Foot, late of Malvern, Worceſterſhire; who died on his Voyage to the Eaſt Indies.

By a LADY.

DEATH, how ſevere thy arrow on that day,
To change my charming youth to lifeleſs clay!
Within his ſoul the virtues were combin'd,
His perſon lovely, elegant his mind!
But heav'n a greater bliſs for him decreed,
And from this wretched world propitious freed;
Then ceaſe, afflicted maid, thy loſs to mourn;
And think him happy, tho' he can't return.

On SMOAKING.

THE pipe with ſolemn interpoſing puff,
Makes half a ſentence at a time enough;
The dozing ſages drop the drowſy ſtrain,
Then pauſe, and puff—and ſpeak, and pauſe again.
Such often like the tube they ſo admire,
Important trifles! have more ſmoke than fire.
Pernicious weed! whoſe ſcent the fair annoys
Unfriendly to ſociety's chief joys,
Thy worſt effect is baniſhing for hours
The ſex whoſe preſence civilizes ours;
Thou art indeed the drug a gardener wants,
To poiſon vermin that infeſt his plants,
But are we ſo to wit and beauty blind,
As to deſpiſe the glory of our kind,
And ſhow the ſofteſt minds and faireſt forms
As little mercy, as he, grubs and worms?
They dare not wait the riotous abuſe,
Thy thirſt-creating ſteams at length produce,
When wine has giv'n indecent language birth,
And forced the flood-gates of licentous mirth;

The ſea-born Venus her attachment ſhows
Still to that element from which ſhe roſe,
And with a quiet which no fumes diſturb,
Sips meek infuſions of a milder herb.
Th' emphatic ſpeaker dearly loves t' oppoſe
In contact inconvenient, noſe to noſe,
As if the gnomon on his neighbour's chin,
Touched with a magnet had attracted him
His whiſper'd theme, dilated and at large,
Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge,
An extract of his diary—no more,
A taſteleſs journal of the day before.
He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
Called on a friend, drank tea, ſtept home again,
Reſumed his purpoſe, had a world of talk
With one he ſtumbled on, and loſt his walk.
I interrupt him with a ſudden bow,
Adieu dear Sir leſt you ſhould loſe it now.

EXTEMPORE.

On ſeeing Mrs. Maſſey in the Character of Iſabella in the Fatal Marriage, at the Theatre Worceſter.

By I. HAND.

NOW let my verſe in ſofteſt numbers flow
At Maſſey's well depicted ſcenes of woe;—
Who could, unmov'd, thy Iſabella ſee?—
What eye but for thy infant wept with thee?
Thy plaintive ſounds, deſcriptive in each part,
At once aſſail, and captivate the heart.

The VILLAGE-SPIRE,

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

BENEATH yon mountain's ſhaggy cliff,
Whence bubbling waters ſteal their way,
Palemon, with his fleecy care,
Was ſhelter'd from the ſultry ray.

Reclin'd upon the moſſy turf,
He ſweetly pip'd his wood-notes wild,
In praiſe of Phebe—gentle maid!
Whoſe lovely charms his hours beguil'd.

Soft echo liſten'd to the tune
And quick to Phebe bore the ſound,
Which, ſoon as heard, ſhe inſtant knew,
And ſmiling, ſought th' inchanting ground.

No ſooner did the nymph appear,
Than rapture fill'd Palemon's breaſt,
He roſe, and on her modeſt cheek
The kiſs of rapture fondly preſt.

The varying bluſh her face o'er-ſpread,
As lillies damaſk'd by the roſe,
While gentle tumults in each breaſt,
Their mutual love, in ſighs diſcloſe.

When ſudden open'd to their view,
Beneath the branches of an oak,
A village-ſpire, with ivy dreſt!
And thus the fond Palemon ſpoke——

Twelve moons, my love, are gone and o'er,
Since firſt my youthful heart you won,
Then haſte with me to yonder ſpire,
And there unite our vows, in one.

Together hied the ruſtic pair,
With conſtancy their only wealth,
Nor wiſh'd for more, while thus poſſeſt
Of love, their cot, aud roſy health.

A LATIN EPITAPH,

For HIM, YOU, *or* ME.

O qui nunc juxta tumulum veſtigia flectis,
Siſte! hodiè forſan ſit tibi ſors eadem:
Gaudia vana tuo mittas à pectore cœlum
Suſpice, et inſtantis fulmen averte manus.

TRANSLATION.

STOP paſſenger! behold this marble tomb!
Perhaps to-day the ſame may be thy doom.
Baniſh all earthly joys, look up to heaven,
Avert the ſudden ſtroke, and be forgiven.

ANOTHER.

WHOE'ER thou art that view'ſt this tomb of mine,
Perhaps this day the ſame fate may be thine;
Look up to heaven—the joys how ſhort below——
And wait with firmneſs the impending blow.

ORIGINAL EPIGRAMS.

On the Rule for Driving to the left Hand.

THE law of the road is a paradox quite;
For,—in orderly paſſing along,——
By obſerving the *left* you're ſure to go *right*,
And if you go right you go wrong.

The JEWESS and her SON,

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

POOR Miſtreſs Levi had a luckleſs ſon,
Who, ruſhing to obtain the foremoſt ſeat,
In imitation of th' ambitious great,
High from the gall'ry, ere the play begun,
He fell all plump into the pit,
Dead in a minute as a nit:
In ſhort, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck;
Indeed, and very dreadful was the wreck!

The mother was diſtracted, raving, wild——
Shriek'd, tore her hair, embrac'd and kiſs'd her child——
Afflicted ev'ry heart with grief around:
Soon as the ſhow'r of tears was ſomewhat paſt,
And moderately calm th' heſteric blaſt,
She caſt about her eyes in thought profound;
And being with a ſaving knowledge bleſt,
She thus the play-houſe manager addreſs'd:——

"Sher, I'm de moder of de poor Chew lad,
"Dat meet miſhfartin here ſo bad——
"Sher, I muſt haf de ſhilling back, you know,
"Aſs Moſes haf nat ſee de ſhow."

SONNET to FANCY.

THOU, nymph of many-coloured veſt,
Who ſplendid by imagination dreſt,
Joyouſly ſportive ſkimm'ſt along;
Whoſe revellings luxuriant nature charms,
As Spring reanimated vegetation warms
To ope her various gifts yon ſpangled meads among;

Who in the flow'ret's early bloom,
To every tint of *Iris* giv'ſt freſh birth,
Which like yon orb's celeſtial rays illume
The *ſombrous* viſage of the earth;

Oh from a boſom anguiſh-torn remove
All that robs life of animating zeſt,
Oh calm the terrors of a troubled breaſt,
With e'en the *illuſion* that Miranda loves.

Digbeth.

An EPITAPH.

By I. GREENWOOD, late of WORCESTER.

WHERE two lov'd children's laſt remains repoſe,
The weary parents their long journey cloſe;
Theſe reach'd, while morning ſmil'd, their final goal;
Thoſe not till ſober evening o'er them ſtole;
Patient the rugged paths of life they trod,
And when their taſk was ended——ſlept with God.

SONNET to JUNE.

By W. HAMILTON READ.

DELIGHTFUL Seaſon! bounteous now diffuſe
O'er the freſh glebe, as wont, thy ſweeteſt flow'rs,
That ſmiling quaff the rich nectareous ſhow'rs,
And ſpread the veſtment of a thouſand hues.

The woodbine bring, that wears the virgin bluſh,
The king-cup that the ſunny meadow ſhews,
Thy blue bells ſtrew beneath each hawthorn buſh:
But let the gardens boaſt the peerleſs roſe,

Th' auricula, the tulip's gaudy ſhine,
The Julian ſtock flower, laviſh, of perfume.
Then woodland nymphs in ſong unequall'd join,
And Fancy waves her rainbow-tinted plume;
Then moſs-clad cells, where mantling ivies twine,
Steal one from life, or ſoothe its anxious gloom.

ANOTHER,

By the SAME AUTHOR.

THE ſteeds unyok'd, the ploughman homeward goes,
As evening cloſes with a ſober mien;
All but the ran-dogs ſink in deep repoſe,
Nor from the hamlet now a foot is ſeen.
Near the cleft tree, ag'd as the Alpine ſnows,
Where ivy climbs the ſhiver'd arms between,
I'd ſit—and there each tender tale convene
Of thoſe, who, born with love of ſacred ſong,
Thro' life have toil'd a lonely trackleſs way,
Where rankling thorns the roſes lurk'd between;
Yet Sylvans there, and merry ſprites would play,
'Till Phoſphor's gleam alarm'd the heedleſs throng,
Bright in the forehead of the coming day.

On the Death of Mrs. Williamſon, *late of the City of* Worceſter.

By the Rev. WILLIAM FAULKNER, A. B.

Ye ſacred Seraphs of the bleſt abode,
Where forms unſullied meet the ſmiles of God,
Receive ELIZA!—in whoſe virtuous mind
Each Chriſtian grace and excellence were join'd.
Thou dear, thou ſpotleſs Woman! Saint, farewell!
Angelic minds alone could thine excel.
O! ever dear! in bliſsful dreams ariſe,
And in clear viſion bleſs my wiſhful eyes,

Who now art high enthron'd in bliſs above,
In thoſe bleſt manſions of delight and love.
" In vain did agonizing pains conſpire,
To damp th' energy of affection's fire;
The vital heat annihilation fled,
Till fate, ELIZA, rank'd thee with the dead.
Two beauteous pledges to thy view did riſe,
Till Heav'n's high portals caught thy raviſh'd eyes;
Then, with a look of ſympathy and love,
Thou fledſt on Seraphs' wings to realms above.
To bliſsful ſcenes, where joys eternal ſpring,
And Angels, heavenly choir, thy requiem ſing.
Feb. 3, 1789.

On IMPRISONMENT *for* DEBT.

By THEOPHILUS SWIFT, Eſq.

OF old the Debtor that inſolvent died,
Egypt the rites of ſepulchre denied;
A different trade enlighten'd Chriſtians drive,
And charitably bury him alive.

An EPIGRAM.

A Citizen of you know where,
Diſcourſing with his deareſt dear,
As o'er the ſilver ſtream they rode,
Cloſe cheek by jowl together ſtow'd;
Of fiddle faddle 'gan to chatter,
And wiſh'd each cuckold in the water;—
Surpriz'd, ſhe turn'd, and look'd at him;
" My dear," ſays ſhe, " Pray, can you ſwim?"

EPITAPH,

On a favourite Child, interr'd in Leigh *Church, near* Worcester.

By I. HAND.

GO, little Fav'rite, to thy bleſt abode,
And taſte the joys aſſign'd thee by thy God!——
Why ſhould thy parents for thy abſence mourn,
Or entertain a wiſh for thy return?——
No greater boon to parents can be given,
Than waft the darling of their hearts to Heaven!

VERSES *for my* TOMB STONE, *if ever I ſhould have one.*

By a PROSTITUTE and a PENITENT.

THE wretched victim of a quick decay,
Reliev'd from life, on humble bed of clay,
(The laſt and only refuge for my woes)
A loſt, love-ruin'd female, I repoſe——
From the ſad hour I liſten'd to his charms,
And fell, half-forc'd, in the deceiver's arms,
To that whoſe aweful veil hides every fault,
Shelt'ring my ſufferings in this welcome vault.
When pamper'd, ſtarv'd, abandon'd, or in drink,
My thoughts were rack'd in ſtriving not to think;
Nor could rejected conſcience claim the pow'r,
T' impoſe the reſpite of one ſerious hour;
I durſt not look to what I was before,
My ſoul ſhrunk back, and wiſh'd to be no more.
Of eye undaunted, and of touch impure,
Old ere of age, worn out when ſcarce mature;
Daily debas'd, to ſtifle my diſguſt
Of forc'd enjoyment in affected luſt;—

Cover'd with guilt, infection, debt, and want,
My home a brothel, and the ſtreet my haunt;
Full ſeven long years of infamy I've pin'd,
And fondled, loath'd, and prey'd upon mankind,
'Till the full courſe of ſin and vice gone thro',
My ſhatter'd fabric fail'd at twenty-two;
Then Death, with every horror in his train,
Here clos'd the ſcene of riot, guilt, and pain.——
Ye fair aſſociates of my opening bloom,
O! come and weep, and profit at my tomb;
Let my ſhort youth—my blighted beauty, prove
The fatal poiſon of unlawful love.
O! think how quick my foul career I ran,
The dupe of paſſion, vanity, and man;
Then ſhun the path where gay deluſions ſhine,
Be your's the leſſon—ſad experience mine.

EXTEMPORE.

By Mrs. S. E. SPENCER.

MAY every poet long be bleſs'd with health,
And, if it pleaſe the lady muſes, wealth!
But if too often eating makes them dull,
If none can write well while the pocket's full,
The[illegible] wonted ſkill, ye gentle nine, reſtore,
An[illegible] them ſtarve, juſt as they did before.

ODE.

By JOHN RANNIE.

I cannot but remember SUCH THINGE WERE,
And were moſt precious to me.

SHAKESPEARE.

SCENES OF MY YOUTH! ye once were dear,
Though ſadly I your charms ſurvey;
I once was wont to linger here,
From early dawn to cloſing day.
SCENES OF MY YOUTH! pale ſorrow flings
A ſhade o'er all your beauties now;
And robs the moments of their wings,
That ſcattered pleaſure as they flow.
While, ſtill, to heighten every care,
Reflection tells me, SUCH THINGS WERE.

'Twas here a tender mother ſtrove
To keep my happineſs in view;
I ſmil'd beneath a parent's love,
That ſoft compaſſion ever knew.
In whom the virtues all combin'd;
On whom I could with faith rely;
To whom my heart and ſoul were join'd
By mild affection's primal tie!
Who ſmiles in heav'n, exempt from care,
Whilſt I remember, SUCH THINGS WERE,

'Twas here, (where calm and tranquil reſt
O'erpays the peaſant for his toil)
That, firſt in bleſſing, I was bleſt,
With glowing friendſhip's open ſmile.
My friend far diſtant doom'd to roam,
Now braves the fury of the ſeas;
He fled his peaceful, happy home,
His little fortune to encreaſe.
While bleeds afreſh the wound of care,
When I remember, SUCH THINGS WERE!

'Twas here—ev'n in this blooming grove,
I fondly gaz'd on Laura's charms,
Who, bluſhing, own'd a mutual love,
And melted in my youthful arms.
Tho' hard the ſoul-conflicting ſtrife,
Yet fate, the cruel tyrant, bore
Far from my ſight, the charm of life—
The lovely maid whom I adore.
'Twould eaſe my ſoul of all its care,
Could I forget, that SUCH THINGS WERE.

Here firſt I ſaw the morn appear
Of guileleſs pleaſure's ſhining day;
I met the dazzling brightneſs here,
Here mark'd the ſoft declining ray.—
Beheld the ſkies, whoſe ſtreaming light
Give ſplendour to the parting ſun;
How loſt in ſorrow's ſable night,
And all their mingled glories gone!
Till death, in pity, end my care,
I muſt remember, SUCH THINGS WERE!

A FEMALE CONVICT to her FRIEND in ENGLAND.

THREE huſbands at once, the kind miniſters ſay,
We females allow'd are—at Botany Bay!
If ſo—then our fate muſt ſurely be courted,
And hence, with the thought, we ſhall all be tranſported!

Upon the deceaſe of the Duke of Marlborough, in 1722, *the King offered a reward of* 500*l. to any perſon who would write the beſt eulogium to his memory; in conſequence of which, many of the beſt poets in the kingdom invoked the muſe, and many fulſome panegyrics were depoſited in the archives; when it happened that a party of gentlemen being fox-hunting in Norfolk, were overtaken by a violent ſhower of rain, and calling at a little public-houſe for ſhelter, among other topics, that of the Duke's deceaſe was ſtarted; when one of the Gentlemen clapping his hand upon the ſhoulder of a countryman who ſat by, accoſted him with—"Well, honeſt Clod, and are you not ſurprized that the five hundred pounds ſhould remain ſo long unclaimed?" "Not at all," replied the ſtranger; "and if you'll allow me a moment's recollection, I'll give you a very ſubſtantial reaſon:" Then calling for pen, ink, and paper, he immediately produced the following extempore:*

"FIVE hundred pound's too ſmall a boon
To put the poet's muſe in tune,
That nothing ſhould eſcape her:
To ſing the noble Marlborough's praiſe,
And write his deeds in ſun-bright lays,—
It would not find him paper."

It was unanimouſly admired by the company. and one of the Gentlemen obtaining a copy of it, immediately ſent it (together with the author's name and reſidence) to his Majeſty, who, the week following, preſented the author with a bank-note of a thouſand pounds, in which was incloſed a ring with this motto
—CONCISE *and* ELEGANT.

On the BILL passed for regulating the SLAVE TRADE.

By HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

LOV'D BRITAIN! whose protecting hand
Stretch'd o'er the globe, on Afric's strand
The honour'd base of freedom's lays,
Soon, soon the finish'd fabric raise!
And when surrounding realms would frame,
Touch'd with a spark of gen'rous flame,
Some pure, ennobling, great design,
Some lofty act, almost divine;
Which earth may hail with rapture high,
And heav'n may view with sav'ring eye;
Teach them to make all nature free,
And shine by emulating thee!

The VENUS of GREENHITHE; or, the CHARMING BETSY BAKER. A SONG.

By W. CONINGESBY DAVIES, Esq;

Omnia vincit amor.

THO' Venus still preside in verse,
And not one bard forsake her,
Yet shall my muse, uncaught, rehearse
The charms of Betsy Baker.

A rosy cheek, a sparkling eye,
With ev'ry grace to deck her;
Her voice the sweetest melody,
When sings my Betsy Baker.

A lovely shape, a grateful mien,
Her charms an angel make her

How ſweet ſhe looks, had *Paris* ſeen,
He'd crown'd my Betſy Baker.

If e'er I wed, ye gods! let me,
In my poſſeſſion take her;
I'll ever then contented be,
When bleſt with Betſy Baker.

The following lines were addreſs'd to Miſs Hugget and Miſs Blackburn, on ſeeing them together at Church.

By W. CONINGESBY DAVIES, Eſq;

WHEN we approach the ſacred ſane,
To offer up our vows:
On ſight of you, relapſe again,
Into our former woes.

Nor can the Rev'rend Prieſt prevail,
Tho' he of angels ſhow:
His heav'nly precepts wont avail.
While ſuch angels are below.

The following is an Anſwer to the above.

By a CLERGYMAN.

PUBLIC WORSHIP. An EPIGRAM.

THE WISE, who tread the ſacred ſane,
To offer up their prayers;
Their eyes from meaner objects turn;
From vanity their ears.

Nor dare indulge (though hid from man)
An idol in their thoughts:
As ſerv'd the GOD, who made the world:
Not *Gods* * in PETTICOATS?

* In S S. the angels are ſtil'd Elohim; but pray, where are women ſtil'd Angels?

The MODERN HEROES:

Or DUELLING in Faſhion.

By W. CONINGESBY DAVIES. Eſq;

OUR rights with eaſe me may defend,
While heroes are ſo plenty;
For if ye dare my lord offend,
A challenge ſtrait is ſent ye.

To puſh, and par, is then your lot,
A ſport they much delight in;
Or thro' the head or body ſhot,
Their modiſh way of fighting.

If this be courage, let me ſhun
The martial road to fame,
And never thro' the guts be run
To immortalize my name.

On hearing the following Sentiment given in a Company of convivial Friends at an Inn, in Worceſter.

"Lets play with Mirth and kick up Sorrow's Heel."

LET others, anxious for a laſting name,
Bow down, ſubmiſſive at the gates of fame,
As, to myſelf when I reſign my breath,
And lie extended in the houſe of death,
I value not what friend (if friend I have)
With fading flowers may idly deck my grave;
Or who awhile may court my trifling lays,
And kindly give ſome little ſhare of praiſe;
So little fond of what the world calls fame
As dies my body ſo I wiſh my name!
Mean while each briſk emotion as I feel,
"I'll play with mirth and kick up ſorrow's heel."

Sure ſome blithe ſpirit ſmil'd upon my birth,
For ſince I rambled on this ſpeck of earth,
I've lov'd to laugh, tho' care ſtood frowning by
And pale misfortune roll'd her meagre eye;
Whilſt eaſy conſcience builds her eaſy neſt
Within my boſom, and ſits there at reſt,
Why not indulge the ſallies of the ſoul,
Why ſtop the tides of pleaſure as they roll;
No, light of heart, as long as health remains,
And guides her puppet ſpirit thro' my veins,
Thro' life's thick buſtle, I will edge my way
And join the laughing chorus of the day;
Tho' fools ſhould praiſe at random or condemn,
Or right or wrong 'tis all the ſame to them,
Tho' ſuch inſult me—calmly will I ſit,
And grin at folly—as I ſmile at wit;
With juſt ſo much religion in my heart
As will I truſt ſecure my deathleſs part;
With pure contentment ever in my ſight
That makes the weight of poverty ſeem light,
With two ſuch friends ye grave ones tell me why,
Tell me in ſober ſadneſs ſhould I ſigh.

SONNETT, by the Rev. Mr. BOWLES

EVENING.

As now thy placid ſhades deſcend,
Veiling with gentleſt huſh the landſcape ſtill,
The lonely battlement, and fartheſt hill
And wood; I think of thoſe that have no friend;
Who now perhaps, by melancholy led,
From the broad blaze of day, where pleaſure flaunts,
Retiring, wander 'mid thy lonely haunts
Unſeen; and mark the tints that o'er thy bed
Hang lovely, oft to muſing fancy's eye
Preſenting fairy vales, where the tir'd mind
Might reſt, beyond the murmurs of mankind,
Nor hear the hourly moans of miſery.
Ah, beauteous views; that hope's fair gleams the while
Should ſmile like you, and periſh as they ſmile!

VERSES.

Supposed to be written by a Gentleman upon a Tomb-stone, under which lay his Wife and Infant.

TURN, traveller, thy solitary way,
Turn hitherward a while and shed a tear;
Thy gen'rous grief shall warm their icy clay
Sweet Charlotte and her babe lie bury'd here.

Say, wast thou ever taught the way to love?
And were thy pleasures blasted in their spring?
If so, my fate shall thy compassion move,
And often to this grave thy mem'ry bring.

The joyless world I wander up and down,
Whilst she, lov'd shade! hides here her paly face,
And pore, like thee, o'er many a weeping stone,
The sympathizing characters to trace.

For those who mourn, delight to read of woe,
And muse o'er those whom sorrow hath fordone;
Sad comforts only can sad bosoms know
With others' tragic tales to sooth their own!

Lo! in yon pathless lawn there grows a yew,
That spreads its dank and pois'nous shade along,
There nightly throng the pale departed crew,
And, shiv'ring, glide the tatter'd walls among:

There oft at silent midnight have I sped,
And seen my dear ones smiling at my feet,
Who from my fond embraces instant fled,
As fearful my desiring lips to meet.

Now, if thy heart be bold, till midnight stay,
And should those gentle shades to thee appear,
Tell them, I haste to leave the realms of day,
And soon will walk, a kindred spirit, there

SONG.

By Mr. H. WALPOLE.

AS the mole's ſilent ſtream crept penſive along,
And the winds murmur'd ſolemn the willows among,
On the green turf complaining a ſwain lay reclin'd,
And wept to the river and ſigh'd to the wind.

In vain he cry'd, nature has waken'd the ſpring,
In vain blooms the violet, the nightingales ſing;
To a heart full of ſorrow no beauties appear,
Each zephyr's a ſigh, each dew-drop's a tear.

In vain ſhy Sophia has graces to move,
The faireſt to envy, the wiſeſt to love;
Her preſence no longer gives joy to my eye,
Since without her to live is more pain than to die.

Oh that ſlumber his pinions would over me ſpread,
And paint but her image in dreams in her ſtead;
The beautiful viſion would ſoften my pain,
But ſleep's a relief I ſolicit in vain.

The wretch thus like me, his heart wounded with care,
Is deluded by hope and undone by deſpair;
His pains ever working deny him repoſe,
And the moments but vary to vary his woes.

The landlord at the ſign of the Anchor, at Watford, is noted for ſelling good Ale, and has the following inſcription under his ſignboard:

ABOVE, behold the artiſt's touch
Doth chearing hope expreſs;
In painting he excels me much;
'Tis *drawing* I profeſs.

Yet pen or pencil uſe I not,
Nor wiſh I to uſe *chalk*;
And tho' my *drawings* go to *pot*,
My *heads* are all the talk.

SONNET.

By Mr. RUSSEL,*

COULD then the babes from yon unſhelter'd cot
Implore thy paſſing charity in vain?
Too thoughtleſs youth! what tho' thy happier lot
Inſult their life of poverty and pain!
What tho' their maker doom'd them thus forlorn
To brook the mockery of the taunting throng,
Beneath th' oppreſſor's iron ſcourge to mourn,
To mourn, but not to murmur at his wrong!
Yet when their laſt late evening ſhall decline,
Their evening cheerful, though their day diſtreſt,
A hope perhaps more heavenly bright than thine,
A grace by thee unſought, and unpoſſeſt,
A faith more fix'd, a rapture more divine,
Shall gild their paſſage to eternal reſt.

* *Mr. Ruſſel was the ſon of an eminent attorney at Beominſter in Dorſetſhire. After ſpending ſome years at a grammar ſchool in that county, he was removed to Winchester, and in* 1780 *elected fellow of New college, Oxford. In this ſituation he was eminently diſtinguiſhed by his claſſical knowledge, and an extenſive acquaintance with the beſt authors in the French, Italian, Spaniſh, Portugueſe, and German languages. But his progreſs in literature was checked by a lingering illneſs which terminated in a conſumption of the lungs. He died at Briſtol, July* 31, 1788, *in the* 26*th year of his age.*

The SLAVE's ADDRESS.

Written by the Author of the TASK.

FORC'D from home, and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn,
To increase a stranger's treasures
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But tho' their's they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks, and black complexion,
Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all creating nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must waft it, tears must water,
Sweat of our's must dress the soil.
Think, ye masters, iron hearted,
Sitting at your jovial boards,
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweet your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us
Is there One who reigns on high?
Has he bid you buy and sell us?
Speaking from his throne, the sky!
Ask him, if your knotted scourges,
Fetters, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means which duty urges
Agents of his will to use?

Hark! he anſwers—wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder ſea with wrecks,
Waſting towns, plantations, meadows,
Is the voice with which he ſpeaks.
He, foreſeeing what vexations
Afric's ſons would undergo,
Fix'd their tyrant's habitations
Where his whirlwinds * anſwer no!

By our blood in Afric waſted,
Ere our necks receiv'd the chain;
By the miſeries which we taſted,
Croſſing, in your barks, the main;
By our ſuff'rings ſince ye brought us
To the man degrading mart,
All ſuſtain'd, by patience taught us,
Only by a broken heart.

Deem our nations brutes no longer,
'Till ſome reaſon you ſhall find,
Worthier of regard, and ſtronger
Than the colours of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whoſe ſordid dealings
Tarniſh all your boaſted pow'rs,
Prove that *you* have human feelings,
Ere you proudly queſtion *our's*.

* Alluding to the Hurricanes ſo common in the Weſt-Indies.

On the Barbarity of the SLAVE TRADE.

By a LADY.

WHEN borne at length to Western lands,
Chain'd on the beach the captive ſtands,
Where man, dire merchandize! is ſold
(And barter'd life is paid for gold)
To them*, whoſe harden'd ſouls no more retain
Impreſſions nature ſtamp'd in vain;
All that diſtinguiſhes their kind,
For ever blotted from their mind;
As ſtreams, that once the landſcape gave
Reflected on the trembling wave,
Their ſubſtance change, when lock'd in froſt,
And reſt, in dead contraction loſt;
Who view, unmov'd, the look that tells
The pang that in his boſom dwells:
In mute affliction, ſee him try
To read his new poſſeſſor's eye;
If one bleſt glance of mercy there,
One half-form'd tear may check deſpair!
BRITAIN! the noble, bleſt decree
That ſoothes deſpair, is fram'd by thee!
Thy powerful arm has interpos'd,
And one dire ſcene for ever clos'd;
Its horrors ſhall no more belong
To that foul drama, deep with wrong.
Oh, firſt of EUROPE's poliſh'd lands,
To eaſe the captive's iron bands!
Long as thy glorious annals ſhine,
This proud diſtinction ſhall be thine:
Not firſt alone when valour leads,
To ruſh on dangers nobleſt deeds;
When mercy calls thee to explore
A gloomy path, untrod before,

* Thoſe Traders who traffic in the Merchandize of Slaves.

Thy ardent ſpirit ſprings to heal,
And, greatly gen'rous, dares to feel!—
Valour is like the meteor's light,
Whoſe partial flaſh leaves deeper night;
While mercy, like the lunar ray,
Gilds the thick ſhade with ſofter day.'

The following Verſes were written by Mr. Cunningham about three Weeks before his Death.

DEAR lad, as you run o'er my rhime,
And ſee my long name at the end;
You'll cry —" And has Cunningham time
" To give ſo much verſe to his friend?"

'Tis true, the reproof (tho' ſevere),
Is juſt from the letters I owe;
But blameleſs I ſtill may appear,
For nonſenſe is all I beſtow.

However, for better for worſe,
As Damons their Chloes receive,
Ev'n take the dull lines I rehearſe—
They're all a poor friend has to give.

The drama and I have ſhook hands,
We've parted, no more to engage;
Submiſſive I met her commands—
For nothing can cure me of age.

My ſunſhine of youth is no more!
My mornings of pleaſure are fled!
'Tis painful my fate to endure—
A penſion ſupplies me with bread!

Dependent at length on the man
Whoſe fortune I ſtruggled to raiſe!
I conquer my pride as I can—
His charity merits my praiſe!

His bounty proceeds from his heart;
'Tis principle prompts the ſupply—
His kindneſs exceeds my deſert,
And often ſupreſſes a ſigh.

But like the old horſe in the ſong,
I'm turn'd on the common to graze—
To fortune theſe changes belong,
And contented I yield to her ways!

She ne'er was my friend, thro' the day
Her ſmiles were the ſmiles of deceit—
At noon ſhe'd her favours diſplay,
And at night let me pine at her feet.

No longer her preſence I court,
No longer I ſhrink at her frowns!
Her whimſies ſupply me with ſport—
And her ſmiles I reſign to the clowns!

Thus loſt to each worldly deſire,
And ſcorning all riches—all fame,
I quietly hope to retire
When time ſhall the ſummons proclaim.

I've nothing to weep for behind!
To part with my friends is the worſt!
Their numbers, I grant, are confin'd;
But you are, ſtill, one of the firſt.

HEROIC BALLAD on a COUNTRY SQUIRE.

Written by a GENTLEMAN of WORCESTER.

IN Cumberland there dwelt a 'Squire,
A 'Squire true was he,
To bait a bull, or break a ſcull,
The firſt man would he be.

Horſe-racing too, and cock-fighting,
He loved in his heart,

And o'er a Bowl he was a foul,
That well could play his part.

The chace he lov'd, and well he knew
To chear a pack of hounds;
With furious ſpeed, he ſpurr'd his ſteed,
O'er Ditches, Gates, and mounds.

Some add to theſe his qualities,
Love of fair maids withall;
A friend I ween, they ſay he has been,
To the Foundling Hoſpital.

On this account, a Patriot
Our 'Squire to deem I'd have ye;
For on my word, I think no lord,
Has more ſons in the Navy.

Much fame he got for gallant deeds,
But moſt of all, no doubt,
The 'Squire did reap from drinking deep,
And ſwearing well to boot.

At drinking punch he did excell,
And eke at drinking beer;
He'd drink in ſport *two* quarts of port,
On any day o'the year.

Whene'er his boon companions met,
Around his ſpacious board,
Sure as a gun, each mother's ſon,
Was made drunk as a lord.

Once on a time, our jolly 'Squire
His gueſts ſo quickly ply'd,
That not one there could keep his chair,
But fell down by its ſide.

The 'Squire with triumphant joy,
Beheld them ſtrew the hall;

With gallant pride, he ſtood aſtride,
And p——t upon them all.

Alas! it was a ſorry ſight
To ſee them in diſgrace,
Lie all around upon the ground,
In ſuch a rueful caſe.

In perſon of the *juſtice*, there,
The *Law* full lowly lay;
And holy *church* here in the lurch,
Could neither *ſing* nor *ſay*.

The doctor of the houſe, to wit,
An *apothecary* able,
With *over doſe* here lay full cloſe,
Beneath the maſſy table.

But ah! what heart or head of oak,
Such triumphs long can bear;
Or what eſtate, tho' e'er ſo great,
Such wanton waſte repair?

Behold! his palſied hand no more,
The tankard huge can yield;
His ſhatter'd frame no more can claim,
The honours of the field.

And now the harpies of the law,
Gripe faſt his fair eſtate;
Pimps, bailiffs, whores, beſet his doors,
Each day, both ſoon and late,

And now a priſoner cloſe he lives,
Within his ſpacious hall;
With pain diſtreſs'd, with debts oppreſs'd,
Inglorious in his fall.

A BROTHER on his YOUNGEST SISTER.

By the SAME.

WILL you, my dearest Mary, deign
To read a brother's partial strain,
Nor deem th' attempt unkind,
To speak his sentiments of you
In verse,—when prose might better do
To represent his mind.

That you, my dear, possess a face,
Where beauty reigns in blushing grace,
And smiles delight to play;
That you possess a shape, a mien,
Which might adorn even *beauty's queen*,
A brother must not say.

But this is known, then let him tell,
What others cannot know so well,
That you possess a mind,
With *wisdom's* moral treasures grac'd,
Sway'd by the happiest rules of *taste*,
By noblest *arts* refin'd.

But how shall his untutor'd lay
That *sensibility* display,
Which triumphs still in you;
The sigh approaching to a groan,—
The alter'd look,—the melting moan,
When *misery* meets your view?

Even when soft slumbers seal your eyes,
Some visionary scene will rise,
And waken all your fears;
You stretch, in vain, your hand to save
A friend, and lover, from the grave,
And wet your cap with tears.

But know that to the feeling heart,
Virtue or *vice* their powers impart
With more impulsive sway;
Guard then, fair maid, your heart with care;
Let *virtue* shed her influence there;
How blest if you obey!—

HORACE, Book IV. Ode III. *imitated in the Person of the late Mr. Shenstone.*

To the MUSE.

By the SAME.

IF the sweet muse, with smiling joy,
Eye at his birth the lovely boy;
He ne'er with unrelenting thong,
Shall whirl the phæton along;
New-Market ne'er his feats proclaim,
Nor Heber's lists record his name;
He ne'er to Broughton's school shall go,
That he may learn the knock-down blow,
Nor with brave Rodney plow the main,
To crush the powers of France and Spain;
But loitering spend the tranquil day,
Where *Leasow's* tinckling streamlets play;
There wrapt in Virgil's pensive grove,
Attune the melting lyre of love;
The shepherd's tender tale relate,
Or mourn poor injured Jessy's fate.
The queen of isles, Britannia, deigns
To listen to my artless strains,
And to her bards revered of yore,
She adds one humble poet more.
O goddess of the tuneful lyre,
Who do'st the poet's glow inspire,
Who can'st to lisping youth impart
Those magic powers that win the heart;

If I'm diſtinguiſh'd 'midſt the throng
As maſter of no common ſong;
If in my gentle ſhepherd's lay
The rural loves and graces play;
If nature's ſympathetic moan
Flow in my verſe,—'Tis thine alone,
To pleaſe (if pleaſure I diſpenſe)
Springs from thy welcome influence.

EPIGRAM.

To ———, complaining that he was ſubject to COLDS *in his* HEAD.

By the SAME.

WE find this maxim in the healing art,
" Diſeaſe flies always to the weakeſt part:"
This may account for what you lately ſaid,
That *your* Colds always ſettle in your *Head*.

EPIGRAM,

Written at Malvern Wells,

By the SAME.

YE nymphs, oppreſſe'd by *Worceſter's* ſtagnate air,
To *Malvern's* high aerial walks repair;
Whoſe ſprings and gales their mutual aid diſpenſe,
To purge the blood, and quicken every ſenſe;
Here the pale face its former tints reſumes,
And every charm with freſher beauty blooms:
Haſte then, ye nymphs; here range awhile at large,
So ſhall ye ſave (in point) an annual charge.

GRUB-STREET. A Poem.

By I. HAND.

A little, paltry ſtreet cloſe by Moorfields,
More lies produces and more miſchief yields,
Than any ſtreet, or lane, which can be found,
From Hyde Park Corner to White Chapel Pound;
There monarchs are enthron'd, there monarchs ſlain,
Factions are form'd, and empires cut in twain;
Commotions manufactur'd, bankrupts made,
And Turks and Ruſſians ſlaughter'd at Belgrade;
There if you but a couple ſhillings give,
(For the poor half-ſtarv'd garetteer muſt live)
Quickly he'll ſacrifice or ſaint or ſinner,
Or burn a city to procure a dinner;
Into Vienna's cabinet he'll pop,
Or croſs the Danube for a mutton chop;
Yet of the ills he does he ne'er repents,
Nor ſays "his poverty, not will conſents"
None for celerity can with him vie,
In twenty minutes to Verſailles he'll fly,
And in leſs time he'll fabricate a lye;
For half-a-crown he'll Indoſtan explore,
And waft a Nabob to the Britiſh ſhore;
Tho' long his route, he don't impair his ſhoes,
NEW and S—(the Quarters of the Globe) ſpell News.

ÆNIGMA.

By I. HAND.

THOU inſtrument of life, and eke of death,
Which gives to man, and from man ſnatches breath;
Which does more miſchief than all other things,—
Of beggars the aſſociate, and of Kings;——
But for thy aid, fair commerce could not live,
Thou canſt affliction, thou can'ſt comfort give;

Thou white, thou black, thou ſerviceable mute!
Thou who canſt cauſe, and yet canſt end diſpute!
By thee men riſe, by thee too many fall,
Oft art thou friendly, when immers'd in gall.

ANSWER.

WHAT inſtrument more hurtful is to men,
Or what more ſerviceable than—A PEN.

On a LADY *proving unlawfully with Child.*

Written by a Gentleman of Worceſter Theatre.

DIRE was the hour, when to th' unlicens'd bed
Soft love conducted, and when reaſon fled;
In tumults wild when all your ſoul was toſs'd,
And nature ſnatched a joy at virtue's coſt.
Ah! then remorſe uprear'd her ſnaky creſt,
To fill with anguiſh your repenting breaſt;
Now winged ſlander blaſts your virgin fame,
And beauty ſinks beneath the pow'r of ſhame;
Hold, ſlander, hold! thy blaſting threats forbear,
Behold repentance drops a ſerious tear:
See in her boſom conſcious pangs ariſe,
See her worn cheek, and ſorrow-ſtreaming eyes;
See on her couch her aching head reclin'd,
And mark the tortures of the guilty mind.
Fair mourner, ceaſe! be all thy torments eas'd,
Repentance drops a tear, and heav'n's appeas'd:
Heav'n gracious hears the ſupplicating ſigh,
And bids the ſoul be peace, and ſlander die;
Repentance can loſt innocence reſtore,
While beauty ſhines, all graceful as before.
Go then, my fair, your former comforts prove,
But truſt no more the ſoft ſeducer, love:
Watch o'er your heart, and all your paſſions ſcan,
And learn to fly, the falſe betraying man.

SONG.

Written by GEORGE COLMAN, Esqr.

IF life is a bubble, and breaks with a glass,
You must toss off your wine if you'd wish it to last;
For the bubble may well be destroyed with a puff,
If it is not kept floating in liquor enough.

If life is a flower, as philosophers say,
'Tis a very good thing, understood the right way;
For if life is a flower, any blockhead can tell,
If you'd have it look fresh, you must moisten it well.

This life is no more than a journey, 'tis said,
Where the roads, for most part, are confoundedly bad;
So let wine be our spurs, and all travellers will own,
That whatever the roads, we jog merrily on.

This world to a theatre liken'd has been,
Where each man around has a part in the scene;
'Tis our part to be drunk, and 'tis matter of fact,
That the more you drink, boys, the better you act.

This life is a dream, in which many will weep,
Who have strange silley fancies, and cry in their sleep;
But of us, when we wake, from our dream, 'twill be said,
That the tears of the tankard are all that we shed.

FINIS.